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The American Magazine of Art

June 1932

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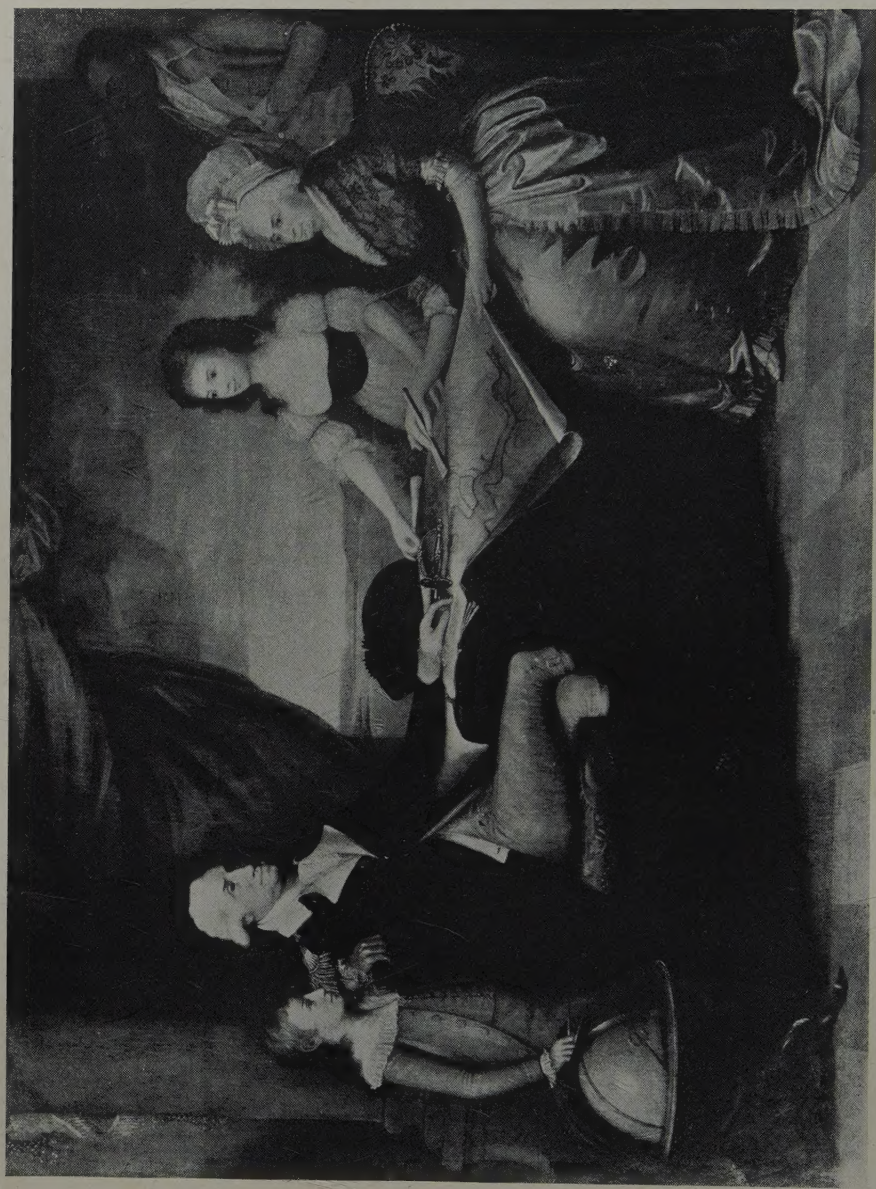
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Edward Savage: The Washington Family
Lent by the Estate of Thomas B. Clarke

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART

Washington and His Associates

An Exhibition of Portraits

By Katharine McCook Knox

AT THE Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, D. C., an exhibition is being held to last through November twenty-fourth, that has already attracted the attention of the country. Advisedly, I use the word country. The attendance during the first four weeks has testified to the popular appeal. Not only can the art lover spend a pleasurable hour but also the historian and the biographer can occupy themselves profitably in the study of the strong, calm faces of the men and women who were responsible for the foundation and development of our nation. Also, it is gratifying to watch the children as they gaze up at the canvases. Those whom I have noticed show no boredom and their attitude is one of amusement and wonder as they exclaim on the quaintness of costume and pose, thus, all unconsciously, storing up that intangible something in atmosphere which in later years may make their history school-books less dull reading.

The largest of the four connecting rooms given over to this exhibition contains only portraits and miniatures of George and Martha Washington. On the walls of the next room hang the likenesses of the justices of the Supreme Court appointed by George Washington, with additional portraits of such well-known legal figures as John Marshall, Bushrod Washington, and Thomas McKean. The other rooms contain portraits and miniatures of George Washington's Cabinet members and their wives, foreign envoys, generals, and friends. Interspersed among these are portraits of members of the family of Washington—a colorful and varied group. Here also can be seen the sword that the Continental Congress in 1799 presented to Lafayette, placed in a small case near the Charles Willson Peale portrait of Lafayette. The sword was lent by Count di San Martino of Italy, a descendant of Lafayette, and the Peale canvas is the property of Washington and Lee University in Virginia.

Dreary lists and numerical calculations should have no place in this account, but there are a few cold, hard facts that must be given so that the reader may realize the scope of the exhibition.

Forty-four artists are represented and that number will be increased when some of the portraits which have, so far, not been attributed are brought "into the fold" to receive their proper assignments. Research has already commenced and those competent to do so have given helpful suggestions. Knowledge, keen perception, memory, and intuition are qualities which when conscientiously used

go to make up the fascinating game of attribution. In point of fact no display of pictures can be enjoyed to the full if one enters a gallery with a one-sided or fault-finding point of view.

William Birch, the Marquise de Brehan, John Singleton Copley, William Dunlap, James Earle, Ralph Earle, James Frothingham, John Hesselius, Henry Inman, John Wesley Jarvis, F. Kemmelmeyer, Edward Dalton Marchant, John D. Martin, John Neagle, Charles Willson Peale, James Peale, Rembrandt Peale, Philip A. Petcolas, Robert Edge Pine, Charles Peale Polk, Walter Robertson, C. B. J. F. de Saint Memin, Edward Savage, Ellen Sharples, James Sharples, Gilbert Stuart, Lawrence Sully, Robert Sully, Thomas Sully, Jeremiah Theus, William Thornton, John Trumbull, John Vanderlyn, Adolph Ulric Wertmuller, Benjamin West, John Wollaston, Joseph Wright are the Early-American artists, or artists who plied their trade on American shores, who are represented in the exhibit. Leopold Seyffert, Samuel B. Waugh, W. R. Wheeler, Mrs. Marshall Williams are modern artists who are represented by copies of early portraits. In order to complete the historical sequence we felt justified in including these copies, where we could not find the originals or where the originals had been destroyed. A portrait of Thaddeus Kosciuszko, attributed to Josef Grassi and lent by the Polish Embassy; a miniature of James Monroe painted in Paris by the French artist Sené; and the portrait of George Digges, painted in England and attributed to Sir Joshua Reynolds, comprise the foreign works in the exhibition.

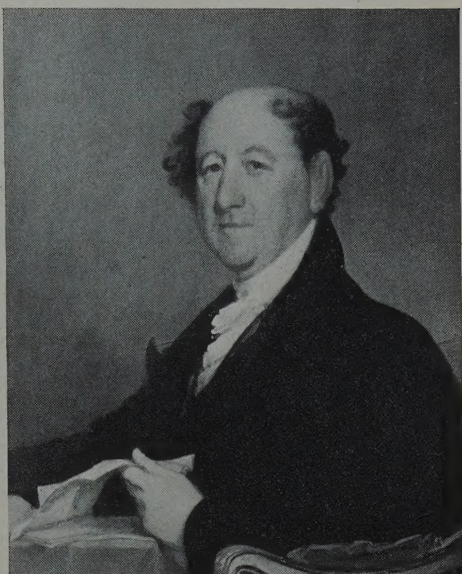
In all there are one hundred and forty-nine paintings and miniatures. Of these, forty-nine are individual portraits of George Washington, three of Martha Washington, and one of the Washington family—the famous canvas by Edward Savage, lent by the estate of Thomas B. Clarke. In it are depicted George and Martha Washington, Nellie Custis, George Washington Parke Custis, and Billy Lee, the colored serving-man. Laid at Mount Vernon, with the Potomac River in the distance, the scene is satisfying and peaceful. Savage is represented by four more of his famous canvases. The George Washington painted from life for Harvard College in 1789, the portraits of George and Martha Washington, also painted from life at the order of John Adams—, for which he paid the artist forty-six dollars —, and the small picture that Savage kept with him until his death, now the property of the Art Institute of Chicago.

Although on the Continent pastels had early been in vogue, James Sharples and his wife Ellen, working alone or in conjunction with him, popularized this form of portraiture in America. The Bicentennial Exhibition has been fortunate in obtaining a varied group of these small pictures. The George Washington portraits are excellent, but some of the others are even finer in technique. The Oliver Ellsworth pastel is startling in its clarity of detail and expression. The portraits of women, Mrs. Cushing, Nellie Custis, and Mrs. Hughes, have a delicacy and transparency suggestive of the quality noticeable in the early French school.

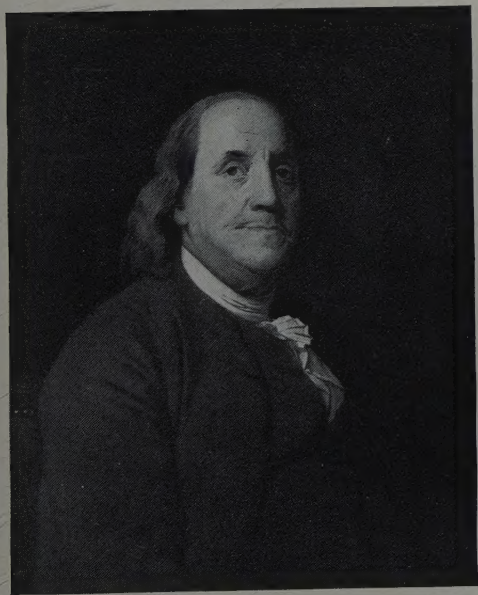
John Trumbull was a blunt soldier but also an artist of no mean merit and much versatility. There are examples of his informal pen-and-ink drawing, as in the case of the drum-head on which are sketched George Washington, Henry Knox (General and Secretary of War), and General Isaac Putnam. His portrait in oil of Mrs. Oliver Wolcott, Jr., wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, is beautiful in dignity, with its cool and restrained shading of cream and green. Trumbull's painting of Alexander Hamilton is finished with a certain dash, while Mr. and



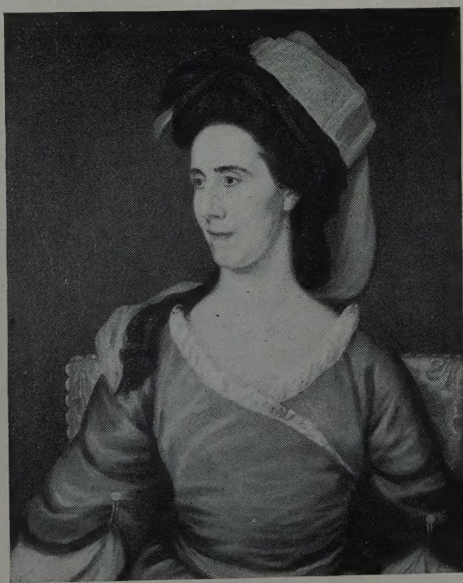
Gilbert Stuart: Mrs. Timothy Pickering
Lent by Mrs. Richard Y. Fitzgerald



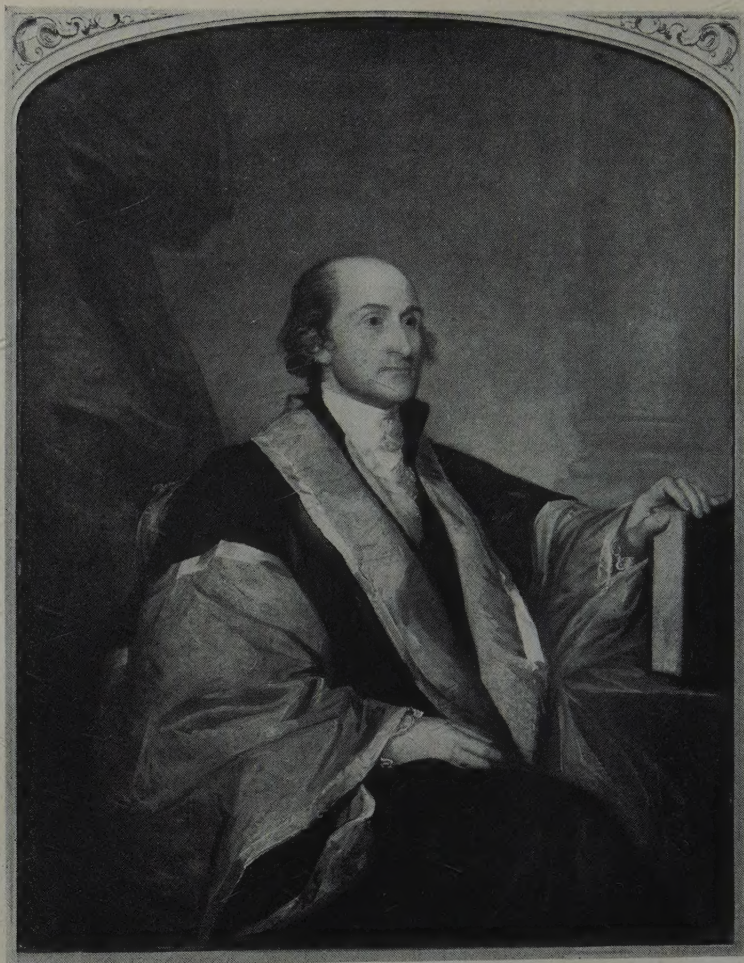
Gilbert Stuart: Rufus King
Lent by Allan McLane, Jr.



Joseph Wright: Benjamin Franklin
The Corcoran Gallery of Art



Courtesy of the Frick Art Reference Library
Mrs. William Bradford (Artist Unknown)
Lent by Willing Spencer



Gilbert Stuart: John Jay

Lent by Peter Augustus Jay

Mrs. Robert Morris and Miss Chew worthily represent him as a miniature painter. They are done on small wood panels and glow with life.

When we arrive at a chronicle of the Charles Willson Peale and Rembrandt Peale portraits of George Washington, we are indeed surrounded by difficulties of description in an article such as this, which must necessarily be briefly inclusive. Peale the elder has established a recognized type of Washington. Clear and hard, with a curiously egg-shaped head—an uncompromising and perhaps wooden expression—but appealing because of such absolute sincerity. His “Virginia Colonel,” the earliest of Washington portraits, is well known and popular. Rembrandt Peale absorbed far more foreign influence than his father. His heads conform more to what we might expect, his color deeper, his paint laid on more heavily. A portrait of George Washington, borrowed from its permanent place in the Vice-President’s room in the United States Capitol, was painted as late as 1823. It is in rather the “grand manner,” combining the traits that Rembrandt



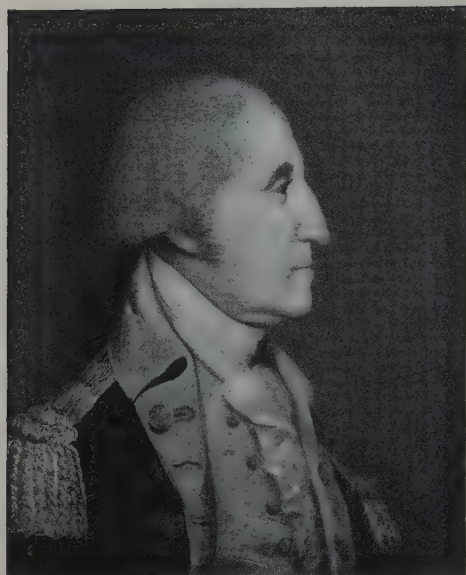
Charles Willson Peale: George Washington (The Virginia Colonel)

Lent by Washington and Lee University

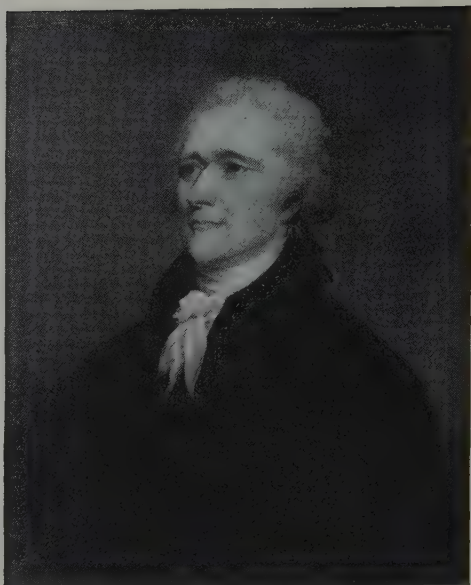
Peale remembered of the first president (because he had painted one portrait of him from life) with the imagination and power that the artist acquired in his later years. Before leaving the Peale family, James Peale's exquisite miniature of Washington must be noted—and also Charles Willson Peale's canvas of Governor Johnson of Maryland with his wife, three children, and a mischievous black puppy. This attractive and affectionate family group with its clever repetition of color is a happy contradiction to those who detract from the skill of this painter.

Martha Jefferson Randolph, painted by Thomas Sully, is a most satisfying characterization. Here Sully gives an impression of strength—which he sometimes lacks—without sacrificing anything of feminine charm. Robert Sully exceeds himself in his portrait of John Marshall. The eyes of that great lawyer look out into the distance with some poignant, unanswered question in their depths.

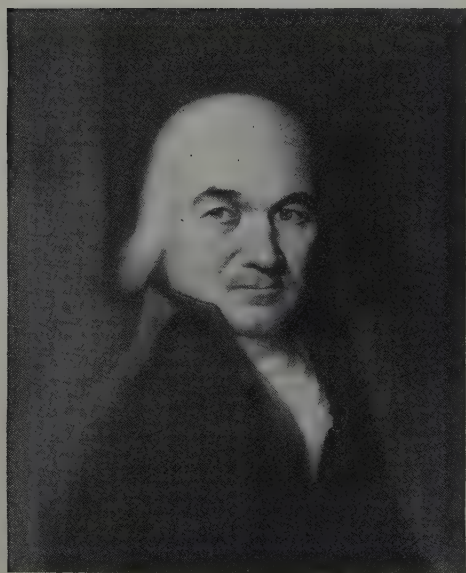
The name of William Dunlap is familiar in connection with his books *History of the American Theatre* and *History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the*



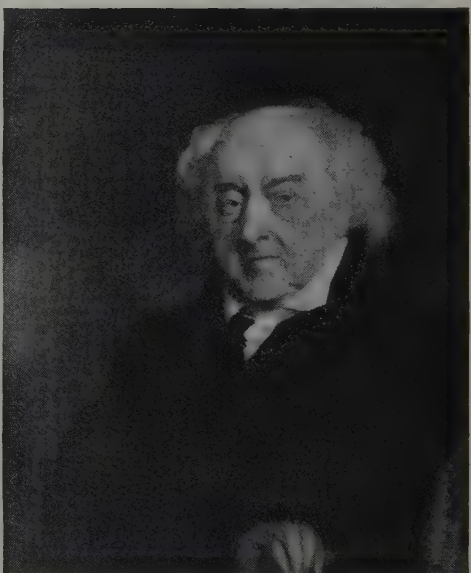
Joseph Wright: George Washington
The Cleveland Museum of Art



John Trumbull: Alexander Hamilton
Lent by Andrew W. Mellon



James Sharples: Oliver Ellsworth
Lent by Roland Gray



Gilbert Stuart: John Adams
Lent by Charles Francis Adams

United States, the latter a source book of value and quaintness. He was an actor, poet, and artist; in fact, our first veritable dilettante. As an artist he will probably not be remembered, but that in no way cancels our interest as we examine this portrait of George Washington in uniform. Dunlap obtained the sitting through the good office of his friend John Van Horne. The crayon was executed near Princeton in 1783, when Dunlap was seventeen years old. An amusing lad he must have been and the quizzical expression which I insist I see on the face of the General might well have arisen from his puzzled conjecture as to the future of this audacious and conversational boy.

Another young man, though ten years older, appeared on the scene at Rocky Hill, near Princeton, in 1783. He came originally not to paint Washington but to model him. His name was Joseph Wright. Patience Wright, famous worker in wax miniatures, was his mother, and his sister became the wife of John Hoppner, the English artist. Wright was apparently inclined to indolence, although exceedingly talented. We do not know the exact year that he painted the very beautiful profile of Washington now owned by the Cleveland Museum. There is a gap in its history, but in 1815 an innkeeper of Alexandria, Virginia, purchased it and it remained with his descendants until acquired for Cleveland. Its precision—Wright was also an engraver—is tempered by a flowing outline difficult to describe.

St. Memin, the Frenchman, was an engraver likewise and used an original "mechanical contrivance" to insure accuracy in his profiles. More than accuracy, however, is before us when we look at his Timothy Pickering, who served in three Cabinet positions in Washington's administration. We need not pore over our history book to realize what an uncompromising fighter Pickering was. His belligerent eye, his nose and jaw speak volumes for his close association with rock-ribbed New England, and also for that knack of getting a likeness that St. Memin so fortunately possessed. A foil for the severity of Timothy Pickering's outline is the warm oil portrait of his wife by Gilbert Stuart. The pale architectural background brings out the soft pink of her cheeks, the sparkle of a ruby pin in a muslin fichu, and the rosy texture of a velvet wrap. Two years elapsed between the time of Mrs. Pickering's first sitting and her last, and obviously the artist spared no pains to achieve a finished product of fine quality.

Let us consider three further masterpieces by Gilbert Stuart. There is the portrait of John Adams. Could there be a more convincing study of an old man? Power in the splendid brow, irascibility in the shrewd old eyes, and the gentle touch of age in the soft, snowy hair—no Raeburn that I have seen can top this picture and Raeburn was a past master of such a subject. The make-up of the John Adams picture is informal in feeling and in interesting contrast to the formal composition of the Rufus King next to it on the wall. Rufus King was twice minister to England but was in the Senate at the time this portrait was finished. In the picture of Chief Justice Jay, the mobile brushwork, the subtle combination of browns, can detain the spectator for a goodly time. A "gentleman and a scholar"—one cannot escape the message.

We go backward a few years to look at the portrait by John Hesselius of Samuel Washington, the President's brother. Here Hesselius does his best to paint such a portrait as was being done in England. A bright-eyed, self-confident young man, with glossy, curled hair and garbed in the height of fashion, stands in the foreground of his ancestral acres under the cool shade of a spreading tree.



Courtesy of Frick Art Reference Library

James Sharples: Mrs. James Miles Hughes

Lent by Mme. Florian Vurpillot



Courtesy of Frick Art Reference Library

James Sharples: Eleanor Parke Custis

Lent by Mrs. Richard Bayly Winder



John Trumbull: Mrs. Oliver Wolcott, Jr.

Lent by Mrs. J. West Roosevelt



Courtesy Frick Art Reference Library

Mrs. Charles Thomson (Artist Unknown)

Lent by Mrs. Robert W. McPherson



Charles Willson Peale: Governor Thomas Johnson and Family

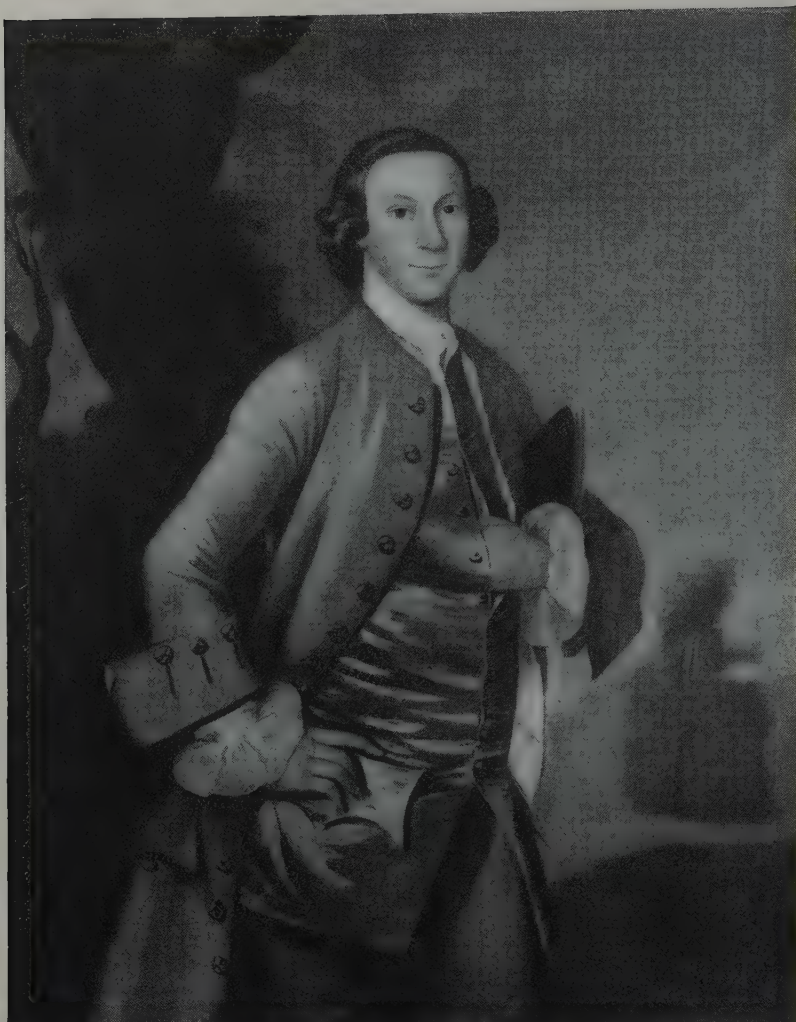
*Owned by C. Burr Artz Library; Frederick, Maryland
Deposited with the Maryland Historical Society*

This picture has hung at "Harewood" for nearly a hundred and fifty years. We wonder how the young gentleman enjoyed his journey to the Corcoran Gallery in a mere baggage car. We can think of him only as riding a spirited horse or traveling in the family coach.

Who painted the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thomson? That they are striking likenesses we can have no doubt—they almost speak. She wears with pride an elaborate black beaver hat and a plum-colored gown. Her keen, ascetic face belies the love of trifles, yet look at the spray of flowers tucked in her bodice. Her husband was distinguished in many ways and it was he who was sent to Washington at Mr. Vernon to inform him of his election as president of the United States. We may be sure that Hannah Harrison Thomson missed little of what was worth knowing in those stirring times! Another interesting problem faces us in the unknown painter of Mrs. William Bradford, wife of the Attorney General in Washington's Cabinet.

In the James Madison by John Vanderlyn, a new interpretation is given—new, at least, to me, who have long been familiar with the Gilbert Stuart portrayal. Stuart gave us a presidential type—Vanderlyn presents a genial companion.

Mrs. Monroe, by Benjamin West, is a far cry from the mythological and classical West of protracted residence in England. It is uncompromisingly direct in treatment and makes me wish that the artist had sojourned longer in his own coun-



Courtesy Frick Art Reference Library

John Hesselius: Samuel Washington

Lent by Mrs. Samuel Walter Washington

try untouched by royal pomp and ceremony, so that we could now have more of him as an Early-American portrait painter. We are justly proud of our showing of Gilbert Stuart portraits of George Washington: three beautiful examples of the Vaughan type, two of the Lansdowne type—one of which is the world-famous picture ordered by Mrs. William Bingham of Philadelphia and presented by her to the Marquis of Lansdowne,— and several excellent versions of the Athenaeum type. What did George Washington really look like? Stuart, the Peales, Savage, Trumbull, Sharples—all saw him differently, and when we consider the portrait by Robert Edge Pine and the one by Adolph Wertmuller our quandary amounts almost to panic, for no two faces could be more unlike, yet each picture has a past record of having been a “likeness.” Every one must make the decision most pleasing to his own imagination.

How the Artist Looks at Nature

By Thomas Munro

TO TRAVEL through the country with a camera or a box of paints, and to stop to make a picture once in a while, may or may not result in the production of great works of art. But it is pretty sure to have at least one valuable effect. It keeps one looking at scenery from an aesthetic point of view, observing things keenly and critically, with an eye to selecting those aspects of nature that are most worthy to be remembered.

It is quite possible, however, to have considerable skill in the technique of picture-making without equal skill in observing and selecting. The choice of a place to stop and point one's camera, or to settle down with brush and canvas, the choice of elements to be emphasized in the scene before one's eyes, may be quite as important as anything done later. Even the best camera will reproduce only what it is aimed at. The hand most adept in manipulating paints can put down on canvas only what the eyes and brain behind it have seen or imagined. Far too little attention is given by would-be artists to an essential phase in the making of art: *aesthetic observation*. Neglect of it is responsible for the artistic mediocrity of many technically competent pictures. It is not an easy task, to be taken for granted, but a complex and difficult one requiring a technique of its own. Only the rare artistic genius acquires it without conscious effort; but any one gifted with normal eyesight can develop it through practice.

It can be developed quite apart from the technique of painting, photography, or any other medium of expression. It is worthwhile for its own sake, whether or not one has any desire to make pictures. It makes the world more interesting to look at wherever one goes, through opening one's eyes to the rich textures, the intricate and ever-varied forms that lie hidden from untrained eyes within the commonest scenes and objects.

In a previous article on the appreciation of nature,* it was suggested that the vacationist should not be in a hurry to adopt any definite plan of observation. It is best for a time to "take it easy," in a relaxed and comfortable way, looking for nothing in particular but receptive to all the profuse variety of unexpected sights and sounds, of odors, tastes and touch sensations, which nature has to offer. But this is only half the story. To perceive clearly and fully, to develop one's powers of aesthetic enjoyment, it is necessary at other times to focus the attention more closely on particular aspects of nature, one after another.

No one can avoid narrowing down his attention to some extent, at all times. Think of the flood of stimuli that are pouring in upon us every second, which we ignore because they are of no importance at the moment—the sounds, the air-currents, the light-rays, the odors, the physical contact of our clothes and furniture! Even to concentrate upon what is visible, and ignore all other sensations, involves a tremendous amount of selection, of persistently holding the attention down to one sort of thing and ignoring all the rest. It requires a considerable amount of will power to do so steadily for even a brief period of time, if stimuli to the other senses keep clamoring for attention, as they do in outdoor life. The un-

* *Aesthetic Appreciation of Nature*, April, 1932, issue.

trained person sits down to observe a scene, with the best intentions in the world; but after a moment or two something else is sure to distract him—noises from another direction, a plant at his feet, or merely a train of thought that leads him into day-dreams, miles away from the present scene, before he knows it. The untrained perception is forever wavering and shifting.

Moreover, it is apt to be rather vague and blurred at any one moment. We may be *seeing* a thing, in the sense that our eyes are directed toward it, yet not *perceiving* it, not actually noticing or taking it in. The brain behind has not registered the images that affected the retina of the eye; as when, in the subway, one may sit for half an hour looking at the people opposite, without being able on leaving to recall a single detail of their faces or clothing.

The senses of the city-dweller are often dulled and blunted, except along a few lines, where they are apt to be over-exerted and fatigued—as, for example, by staring at moving pictures, by listening to radios and the roar of traffic. The fumes of coal gas and automobile exhausts have deadened his sense of smell, so that a whole world of sensations to which the animals and primitive man are awake has been destroyed for him. His attention, his interests, his feelings, have been focussed into certain more or less fixed routines. Put him suddenly into the open country and he is uneasy, confused, only vaguely conscious of the meaning of nine-tenths of what is going on.

On the open desert, the cowboy or prospector develops supernormal powers of distant vision. The veteran huntsman, lying hidden in the bushes, learns to interpret every odor of the shifting wind and every rustle of leaves along the path. It is practical necessity, to be sure, and not aesthetic interest, that has sharpened their senses and taught them to perceive with subtle acuteness of discrimination. But the same skill can be acquired for other purposes, as it is by the artist and by many lovers of nature who have no practical business in view.

To perceive with real clarity, one must keep the mind from wandering to associated ideas, call it back from tempting by-paths of thought, and focus it again on the actual scene before one. It is not easy to do this, for the habits we acquire in practical life are all the other way. We glance with nervous haste at printed letters, playing cards, traffic lights, with no interest in the exact details of their appearance, but only to identify them as symbols as quickly as possible, learn their meaning, and pass on to something else. It is hard in city or country to come to a stop before any scene—a street or farm—and pay attention only to how it looks, disregarding all the things we know or could imagine about the objects within it, their uses, their histories and associations. But it can be done though effort, and the result is often startling, as though a film were suddenly lifted from before one's eyes and things seen as they are for the first time. In looking at an advertising sign, for example, one can try to ignore the meaning of its words and see it only as an arrangement of black or colored streaks on a white surface, or of spots of light against a dark, misty night. A recent foreign visitor, seeing Times Square by night, remarked that it would be a beautiful place for one who could not read. But the practiced observer—let us say an electrical expert, studying advertising signs from a technical viewpoint—is able to ignore all details in a situation which do not interest him at the time. In the same way a painter or photographer can see a tumble-down old barn, not as a place for keeping farm animals, but as an arrangement of flat surfaces weathered to a silvery gray. He can forget that another build-

ing is a steel mill and pay attention to the shape of its chimneys, its low horizontal roofs, its texture of sooty brick, its clouds of smoke pierced by jets of flame. He can forget that a certain plot of ground is somebody's farm, and study the coloring of its weeds and grasses, the reflections of sunlight on its rocks and glistening leaves.

Selective observation means narrowing down the attention, not necessarily to small details, but to certain types of appearance, to certain recurrent elements within the total field of vision. Each of the principal factors that go to make up visible form can be made the subject of special study by the observer of nature. Let us consider some of them briefly, one at a time.

Color appears in nature, both in spots of concentrated intensity and in widely suffused, blended tints. In flowers, birds, and butterflies, in metallic stones, seashells and fishes, in toadstools, fruit and berries, we come at times upon a spot of purest hue that brings a thrill of delight to the eye. And in the limitless blue of a summer sky, the reds and golds of dawn and twilight, the mysterious green radiance after a storm, the gorgeous displays of rainbows and the northern lights, we feel for a time the whole universe drenched and glowing with color. Such experiences need no logic to prove their aesthetic worth, no special training of the eye to enjoy them. They are simple, intense, and overpowering—all the more so because they are not too constantly before us, for the most vivid sensation becomes tiresome if too long continued. They are the climaxes of the world's panorama of colors. In between them are other, quieter shades and tints of color which are apt to go unnoticed by all save the trained and sensitive eye. It was Whistler who pointed out that after the gaudy sunset had passed, and the crowds had ceased to look, there began to appear those subtler tints of misty twilight and soft reflection which only the artist could appreciate.

At any time of day, however, subtle and delicate effects of *surface texture* abound in nature, produced by tiny variations in pigment, veining, roughness and smoothness, which the eye at a little distance perceives, not as individual details, but as a pervasive quality of richness. This is the quality which makes a rough, weathered boulder, stained with mosses and lichens and with good brown earth, more grateful to the eye than the glaring coat of whitewash with which the farmer sometimes mistakenly covers the stones in his dooryard. It is the quality which attracts a child in iridescent seashells and tinted pebbles along the beach, and which makes us stop to look at moths and beetles, poisonous toadstools, the silvery trunks of beech-trees, and the corrugated, mossy bark of old oaks and maples.

An ordinary photographic print ignores all differences in hue or tint, and reduces everything to different shades of gray. The painter of landscapes, too, has at times to forget about color and compare the things before him as to their different shades or "values" of *light and dark*. In studying this factor like the others, it is well to begin by noting the opposite extremes: the sources of illumination in sun, moon, stars, or lamps; the glaring surfaces of water, snow, limestone, sand or white flowers in full sunlight; the utter, enveloping blackness of a starless, overcast night; the concentrated blackness of tree-trunks, and the shadowy recesses of doorways, caves, and forest interiors. Then the countless lesser gradations of shade and shadow everywhere in foliage, for example, from the cool, dark green of pines, oaks, and laurels to the paleness of willow leaves and withering, sun-baked grass. Note the shadows cast upon the ground by wandering clouds; the change when a cloud passes over the sun or moon; the shadows in a partly cloudy sky at night,

full of murky blackness, translucent veils and gleaming surfaces, melting and shifting. Ignoring color, look at flowers for their various shades of lightness and darkness, from the deepest to the palest. Everywhere, in every landscape, these multitudes of light gradations are present; sometimes in sharp, striking contrast, as in a snow-laden grove of hemlocks; more often blended with soft transitions.

To the draughtsman or engraver, the most interesting aspect of nature is *line*. He notes the varied contours, the edges and boundaries of things, as well as the direction of the streaks, grooves, and ridges on their surfaces. He follows with his eye and pencil the silhouette of hills along the horizon, the veining of a single leaf, the tiger's stripes, the graceful bending of branches in the weeping willow, the gnarled angularity of some old cedar that has fought many storms on a mountain precipice, the arching neck of a swan or a high-bred horse, the heavy squareness of an ox. There is endless interest merely in following these outlines with the eye. For the sensitive observer, it stimulates a kind of imaginary movement, in which he seems to rise and descend, drift and circle with them, feeling the jagged contour of the pine-branch as a series of jerky, staccato steps, and the willow's curves like water lightly rising and falling in a fountain. Sometimes, as in a tangled vine or spider's web, the lines interlace or radiate in an intricate pattern, tightly unified or loose and wandering.

One who studies the anatomy and evolution of the human eye learns of another cause to rejoice at the power of human eyesight. This is the faculty called stereoscopic vision: the ability to see the third dimension, solidity and volume in objects, *depth* in space, and the various *distances* of objects far away from us. To many of the lower animals, the world appears as a flat screen on which vague silhouettes move to and fro. The fact that we possess two eyes, both facing forward and capable of being brought to a focus on a single point, either near or far, allows us to see the same object or alignment of objects from two different positions at once, and thus to form an idea of their shapes and spatial intervals. The result is an enormous increase in our ability to control the world we live in, and to enjoy its visual panorama.

In the world outside, what a sense of release and exultation we feel as we emerge from cramped rooms and city streets, from the box-like cars that transport us to the country, and first extend our vision to the far-off tops of mountains or, on a summer night, to the constellations and the Milky Way! The effect, psychologically, is one of expansion and invigoration, from the simple fact that our vision, long confined to near-by objects, is suddenly freed to wander through space. We may be conscious of our own physical smallness, as most people are in looking down from a mountain; but at the same time we feel an exhilarating sense of power, not only to see, but in imagination to reach and to fly through these vast gulfs of space, to traverse the jagged peaks of distant ranges and the drifting heaps and shreds of clouds. To express in words the delight of such experience, actual or imagined, has required the finest genius of such men as Shelley and Milton; it is one of the most frequent sources of the type of aesthetic feeling called "sublime."

There is a different interest, less exciting perhaps but no less full of the adventure of discovery, in going to the other extreme of size and observing the very small. Lying at ease on some grassy hillside, we sometimes become aware, all at once, of a whole universe of microscopic forms beneath our eyes. Looking down as we walked from the relatively enormous distance of five or six feet above the

ground, we had never noticed the flowers of tiny weeds and mosses, the veined and furred surfaces of the leaves of grass, the perfection of detail in the structure of common blossoms like the clover and violet. Human life goes along on a level of intermediate dimensions, between the very large and the very small, and in our preoccupation with human affairs we forget that nature is not all composed of beings about our own size. Descending into the microscopic world beneath our feet is like traveling to some remote and fantastic planet. We focus our eyes upon some tiny insect—a gnat or a beetle, perched on a swaying stem of grass, and soon they become readjusted to this different world of small dimensions. We see the iridescence of the insect's wings, the brilliant markings on its back, the infinitesimal legs and antennae; we see the environment of slightly larger things among which it moves—the under sides of leaves, the cavernous depths among stems and roots, which are to it as a towering forest is to us. Moving thus from the infinitely large to the infinitely small, we come to realize the complexity of the universe, the continuous, innumerable gradations of size between these extremes, all moving and interacting together, the smaller around and in the greater; while beyond them, at both ends of the scale, we can imagine the further reaches of smallness and vastness which science is beginning to discover in the atoms and the constellations.

Between these extremes is the familiar world of plants and animals which we notice constantly because they are about our own size. Here our faculty of distant vision functions easily, to reveal the varying *shapes* of things and the different arrangements they present in space as seen from any one point of view. Such are the aspects of nature which the plastic arts represent for us in altered and selective form. Sculpture, with its designs of masses in stone, wood, and bronze, calls our attention to the interesting shapes of solid objects, either human and animal bodies or more abstract forms. In nature, the sculptor's eye singles out the planes and contours of a natural form, rather than its lights and colors, and leads him to create a statue perpetuating and rearranging what he has seen. The study of sculptural form should lead us to observe with heightened interest the solid shapes that occur in nature. In recent years, for example, there have been several books of photographs, taken by men of artistic discernment, which present with amazing vividness the shapes of such common things as mushrooms and other fungus growths, of quartz crystals, of the buds and stems, the pistils and stamens of ordinary plants and flowers. These were all about us in infinite variety, the slender and delicate, the massive and swollen, the smooth and geometrical, the sinuous and rigid, the simple and the intricate, with all the rhythms and contrasts that sculpture can present—but, as usual, we had ignored them for lack of a vision properly trained in aesthetic appreciation.

The interest of natural scenery depends very largely upon our ability to perceive *spatial intervals*: the relative distances between things, their positions above and below, behind and in front of each other, their alignments with reference to the spot on which we stand. The simple experiment of closing one eye is an aid in realizing the value of stereoscopic vision: the scene flattens out, and it is hard to judge the relative distances of things. To be sure, there may be a peculiar aesthetic charm in seeing a landscape thus flattened into a colorful screen. Many painters have thus represented it at various periods in the history of art, sometimes because they were unable to show perspective, and sometimes because they preferred to create a flat design. But on the whole, the representation of objects in deep space has been one



Nature's Gothic Architecture and Sculpture—Solid Masses in Deep Space
The Garden of the Gods, Colorado Springs. Photograph by Edd A. Ruggles, Cleveland

of the principal aims of European painters, both in ancient Rome, and in the modern world since the Renaissance. They have often tried not only to give the illusion of depth on a flat wall or canvas, but to rearrange the objects within this imaginary space in some orderly, rhythmic manner.

In looking at most natural scenery, of course, we find no exact regularity of spatial intervals. It is only in an orchard or along a highway that trees are placed, methodically, every twenty-five feet. For the majority of people nature's irregularity in this respect as in others is not a fault, but an essential part of its aesthetic value. Now and then we marvel at some very definite arrangement, as when two hills of equal height converge with perfect symmetry to frame a circular pond, or a line of boulders marches out so evenly that we wonder if some ancient architect has laid them so. But such effects, though striking, tend to become monotonous if looked upon too long. We see enough of them in city parks and gardens, and in the open country we are apt to find more pleasant relaxation and refreshment in the free, untrammelled scattering of trees and hills, of rocks and rivers.

To the skilled observer, every scene is different from every other, and each is full of interest for its peculiar spatial relations. Here the trees are crowded, tight-packed, their leaves melting into one fluffy mass; there they stand out erect and clear, with plenty of elbow-room. Here the rocks are massive, solid, with definite empty spaces between them which the eye can measure. Off toward the horizon they seem dimmer, flatter, their contours obscured by haze. As the sun climbs overhead, shadows move, disappear, and appear again on the other side. With every change of light things appear in different groupings, until twilight bathes



Design Based on Repetition and Contrast of Forms, Light and Dark Areas, Textures, and Spatial Intervals

Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado. Photograph by Edd A. Ruggles, Cleveland

them all in one pervasive, misty shadow. In winter sunlight the trees are bare, and we see through them sharply, to far-off small details which summer greenery had covered up. As we walk about the same bit of land the same familiar objects rearrange themselves each moment into some new panorama, with new alignments, new centers of interest, new vistas reaching off in every direction, each of them disclosing some hitherto-unrealized resemblance or contrast of forms. A painted landscape gives us one arrangement of forms in space and only one, the humblest bit of nature an infinite number. It rests with the observer whether this infinite riches shall become a gallery of-definite, clear-cut images, or a blurred confusion.

Above all, the painted landscape is static and unchanging, while the real one teems with *movement* and with *life*. It is a vast process in which the observer himself is a living, moving element.

The more vividly we realize the activity of nature, the more it is likely to overwhelm and bewilder us. If our minds were keen enough to realize the full extent of the motions actually going on about us and even within us—the incessant warfare of tiny microorganisms, the vast but imperceptible whirlings of the earth in space, the slow but implacable death-struggle of the vine to strangle the sapling and of the forest trees to thrust their heads up into the light—then, indeed, we should be dizzy and afraid. But the rhythms of human and animal life have, fortunately, swung into step with enough of the physical rhythms of our planet so that healthy individuals can keep their balance for a time, and even look about to admire the passing show. Though swift, it is not too swift for us to follow some

of its phases and, though universal, it proceeds at different speeds in different places, allowing us to take for granted the stability of the ground on which we stand and watch in comfort the graceful soaring of an eagle through the air.

Even among the visible aspects of nature there is much to repel and frighten the civilized observer. When it seems most placid, it will suddenly disclose the flash of its fangs, the redness of its teeth and claws, in the swooping descent of a hawk to seize its helpless prey or the menacing rattle of a snake among the rhododendron flowers we stoop to gather. For most of us, the sight of an occasional waterfall or a choppy sea from a liner's deck is enough to satisfy us with a hint of what nature can do when aroused. We go indoors when it rains, afraid to face the quick flash of summer lightning, and we avoid wild animals unless they are safely caged, volcanoes unless they are dormant. To mount the bridge of a ship at night and feel alone the rush of great winds, the turbulence of waves invisible in the dark, to watch the small mast swaying impotently against enormous, star-lit blackness is, for most of us, rather a disquieting experience. For our conquest of nature, such as it is, has made us timid about facing it directly, except in its gentler phases. The rest we shut out with stone and steel, with artificial warmth and light, and read of how braver men go to meet it on glaciers and in jungles.

Though we sacrifice these thrills and limit our aesthetic experience to the more tranquil emotions, we can find endless material for study in the pervasive movement of any rural scene. We can, without effort, be soothed and quieted by the placid feeding of cattle and by the slow drifting of clouds on summer breezes. But the more attentive observer will follow each movement with an eye to grasping its distinctive rhythm and comparing it with others. He will note the different speeds and paths of clouds in different winds; the characteristic way each tree behaves in a storm, resisting stiffly or yielding supply, quivering in all its leaves or streaming out long tresses on the gale. He will stop to follow the leisured progress of a snail or turtle, the darting swiftness of a humming-bird, and compare the speeds of other animals between these extremes. Each movement is a complex process, which resolves itself, as we study it, into component phases, recurrent rhythms. The ox's plodding, lumbering gait is a repeated shifting of his heavy bulk to different limbs and muscles; the turmoil of an ant-hill discloses a myriad little separate, zig-zag comings and goings; the slender body of the snake flows and ripples like a whip drawn through the grass; the squirrel dashes lightly up a branch, stops to look with head and tail erect, then vanishes among the leaves.

Like all other aspects of nature, this one too is material for art. The painter can suggest movement, though he can not directly present it. The musician is inspired by the pulsating rhythms of nature, animate and inanimate. The dancer, from primitive times to the present, has mimicked and interpreted the movements of animals, the growth of plants, the lightning and the rain. The cinema and television have enormous possibilities in transforming such themes from nature into pictorial designs endowed with movement and unfolding themselves in organized temporal succession. But whatever the advantage of such new technical devices, they will remain empty and futile without vigorous and well-nourished imaginations to employ them. The modern artist, like the primitive, must still turn to observation of nature for his chief source of inspiration and sustenance.

[This is the second of three articles on the aesthetic observation of nature. The third will appear in the near future. EDITOR.]

EDITORIALS

Music and Living

There are still many of us who think of the arts as alien to everyday life, as unnecessary in a world which seems to be so gloriously aided on every side by gadgets. Inventors are artists of a kind; their works are tools for making life a more comfortable thing—that is their function, and, though often misused, it is worthy of notice even from those other artists who seem to scorn other men and so weaken their own position. No, there is no glory in gadgets as such; all too often they may be wrongly used and so serve to complicate life and not to make it simpler. In the last analysis it is the control of the machine or tool, the gadget, which makes for simpler and sounder standards of living. And the control must be in man. Then, to have life made suitable for his happiness, man must assume control over his physical surroundings, first of himself, then of his machines. Once he has gained this control he will find his mastery has made tools instead of idols of these things—they are means and not ends.

And the arts, all of them, can help man to attain this mastery. Nor must man think of the arts, however necessary and gloriously helpful they may be, as final. They simply and surely provide the ways by which this mastery, this freedom, may be won. There is good precedent for saying that the arts have made life less of a puzzle for the balanced people of other times and places, for those leaders who fill the pages of well-written history. It is these balanced people who have given visible form to the glories of the past; people like them will emerge in this civilization to create patterns applicable to the expression of a desire for order, fitness, and beauty of all kinds, the balanced order which makes the world more than a hollow husk, an empty shell peopled by puppets.

Let us consider music. We think of it as being closely related to time—so many beats to a bar, so many bars to a minute. But really it holds in its formal arrangements of sound something of a more eternal and vibrant rhythm. By letting the strengthening force of this rhythm carry on its great task men will find the inner and significant meaning of music. In its highest forms singing is not easy but it is simple, so simple as to be almost frightening in its clarity. We sometimes hear such singing. The best way, usually, to gain contact with this greater rhythm is singing in a group, for here the self-consciousness that has driven song into the privacy of the

bath is lost in a group confidence, unconscious though it may be, in the very real power of music. The human voice is an instrument of the highest kind; it has the advantage of being made of life itself. However, other instruments may be used to gain the ends that singing first affords—another case of mastery over tools which need the most delicately sensitive adjustments. . . . Strangely, the way to accomplish this mastery is to trust the power of the music and not to try, with seemingly good intent, to torture it into preconceived and lifeless channels.

In music, as in other arts, the fundamental qualities must express themselves; the idea must furnish the motive which makes attainment possible. Being mobile it has the better chance to do so. What is music but a more majestic way of expressing ideas than words can ever be?

New Eyes for a New World

It has been often said that painting is primarily concerned with the arrangement of color, line, and form in two-dimensional design. This conception is wide enough to include, without too much crowding, the many warring “isms” and “schools” of painting now extant. It even helps us to understand much of the painting done in the past. But it is complete only for painting, not for the art of painting. The art of painting is primarily concerned with other things than technique; this definition, like the techniques it might include, is a matter of ways and means and not a realization of underlying purpose. It has to do with the craft and serves only as an approach to art. When we think of the art of painting we turn, with an often unconscious desire for perfection, to the art of the past. It is there that we can most easily find the spark of life. Confronting the product of another period we are less confused by considerations of skill and fashion. Yet many of us fail even there and we have the temerity to blame the art rather than our own blindness. But once we have trained our eyes in discernment, in the discovery of light where there was only paint before, we shall be able to develop this growing sense so that it can help us in wider fields of space and time. It would be exciting to be able to discern the great qualities in the work of our own contemporaries.

But we must beware, for looking is not seeing. We must learn to see, not in the manner and fashion of others, but freely and freshly. If our eyes need lenses let them be our own. Those

rickety heirloom spectacles which we try to adopt may have been suitable for the eyes of our great-grandparents; for us they will prove as baneful as a family curse. We must be willing to look newly at the world, whether it lies before us in the jungle of nature or simplified and arranged in a painting. Those same glasses which gazed upon the prim array of an old-fashioned garden will distort and discolor the vision of one who must learn to see a continent. Though the old way of looking at things may seem hallowed by association (antiques are fashionable still) they may in effect bind us to the graves and not to the lives of those who have gone before.

Not only do we see stalely; we do not see enough. We are rather like patient plow-horses, each surrounded by a cloud of worrying flies and wearing blinders that keep our minds' eyes on the furrow immediately demanding our labor. We are continuously harassed; on one side we are blind to our accomplishment, on the other we are unaware of what parts of the field remain for our gradual achievement. We plod on hoping, with a growing despair, that each furrow will be our last. Must our lives inevitably resolve themselves into computations of so many furrows, so many steps, so many measures of oats? After all, there are tractors to do our furrow-by-furrow drudgery. There is within us all something of the spirit of Pegasus, the winged horse of the gods. We are all heir at least to a desire for his freedom, to a desire to be free from blinders. The immortal vision of Pegasus as he runs with the wind along the crest of a cloud-bank lies deep in our eyes. The world stretches beneath him as it might beneath us if we could really see. He has breadth as well as intensity of vision; seeing more, he has freedom of choice. He sees that furrows are not all of life and when we have his vision we shall see their place; we, too, shall be able to look at the world with fresh eyes, fully.

In looking at painting as at the rest of the world we cannot trust the hampering impressions made on our half-used eyes. We must look further and deeper with these same eyes, for they are, after all, tools of the mind made for a variety of services. We are discovering the value of ultra-violet and X-rays in examining works of art from an archeological standpoint; we must also let our eyes increase their own powers of discerning the inner qualities of a painting. We shall be able to trust them to this keener seeing only after we have freed them from the less satisfactory vision of humdrum commonplaces. Preconceptions in looking, as in the slavish imitation of mock-creative effort, are very often misconceptions. Too often they hardly have the order or arrangement of conceptions at all; they most closely re-

semble the nebulous clouds that indicate brain-storms.

But even brain-storms may serve good purpose; they can show us the limits of our vision and compel us to search for the clear horizon. It is in our natures to desire the horizon, however far or intangible it may seem to us. Perhaps one of our worst troubles is that we so shut ourselves within the storm centers of ego that we have hardly more than a purblind idea of where the horizon may be. We must start to use our eyes and our minds; we must dare the storm. Once we have ridden it out we will find the horizon all around us. With this clarified and enlarged conception of where we are and where we wish to be, we can at last begin to make an intelligent, though perhaps tentative, pattern for the creation of lives worth living.

"Make yourselves big enough to receive big conceptions," says a master, "then you will be able to create grand patterns, patterns bearing upon the essentials of largeness, however small the particular designs upon which you are working may be." And the same thing applies to seeing grand patterns. Seeing to gain discernment must first give, must be creative. We all ask ourselves, "How can I make myself bigger?" But that is a question we must learn to answer for our individual and collective selves. We can learn from watching and understanding the glorious attempts, the failures, and the achievements of others. Understanding and vision are inseparable, the former will come to us if we allow our eyes to become more than maladjusted lenses, stained and scratched by thoughtless habit. We must be willing and even glad to suffer the growing pains of doing without blinders and other people's eye-glasses. New eyes, unlike old lenses, need no rubbing.

Personalities

KATHARINE MCCOOK KNOX leads an active life in Washington, D. C. Her love of history, and the research connected with it, comes from close association as a young girl with her father, the late Anson G. McCook, a wide reader and student of history. The early days and art of this country became a living part of her life. A former classmate of Mrs. Knox founded the Frick Art Reference Library in New York and Mrs. Knox has found her connection with it over a ten-year period a continual stimulus toward accurate research. Late in 1929 her book, *The Sharples—Their Portraits of George Washington and His Contemporaries* (Yale University Press) was published after three and a half years of particularly intensive work. She was encouraged

to plan this book by Sir Robert Witt, whose Witt Library of Reproductions, London, was described in our November, 1931, issue. Mrs. Knox is Chairman of the Portrait Committee of the George Washington Bicentennial Exhibition described in her article.

THOMAS MUNRO is the author of *Great Pictures of Europe*, *Scientific Method in Aesthetics*, and *Primitive Negro Sculpture*. He has taught philosophy and art at Columbia, Pennsylvania, New York, and Rutgers Universities, and was Associate Educational Director of the Barnes Foundation. Last fall he became Curator of Education at the Cleveland Museum of Art, and Professor of Aesthetics in the Graduate School of Western Reserve University.

ELIZABETH RAY LEWIS is a member of the staff of The American Federation of Arts.

WALTER J. SHERWOOD comes from Ohio. He was lured to Chicago by the dream city erected in 1893 and known as the Columbian World's Fair. He has been with the Art Institute of Chicago since 1911, first as manager of publications and reproductions and later as manager of publicity and editor of the *Weekly News Letter*.

ROBERT WHEELWRIGHT of Philadelphia is particularly well suited to deal with the subject of his article in this issue. As one of the contributors to *Colonial Gardens* recently published by the George Washington Bicentennial Commission, as one of the founders and for ten years the editor of *Landscape Architecture*, as a practicing landscape architect who has worked on a number of jobs which were either restorations or were created in the manner of colonial gardens, and lastly as Professor of Landscape Architecture at the University of Pennsylvania, he has not found it necessary to make a sudden sally into research for his material.

C. NORRIS MILLINGTON, after living in Paris and other parts of Europe for four years, returned to this country in 1928. He was correspondent for the United Press Association in southern France for a year, and for three years a junior executive with one of the New York banks in Paris. After returning he was with the *New York Evening Sun*. He is now with the Office of Indian Affairs. Just over a year ago he traveled through the various Indian reservations of the Southwest. He is keenly interested in the native culture of our aborigines, believes that a revival and wider appreciation of their arts will do much toward lifting their social and economic status

and admits that his own appreciation of the native arts extends chiefly to that which is alive today and is adaptable to modern influences.

Apology

"Figures," a drawing by Epstein used to illustrate Leslie Richardson's article, *Drawings by Modern Sculptors*, in the April issue, was reproduced through the courtesy of M. Knoedler & Company, Inc., although no credit was given them in this connection.

Letters

Artistic Taste?

SIR:

I do not often write unnecessary letters, but I want to express to you my thanks for the publication of the article on the New Washington which appeared in the current issue [April] of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART.

We have seen the designs for buildings to be erected in the region along Pennsylvania Avenue where old buildings have been torn down, and Mrs. Fowler and I agree that even the old and ugly structures which have been removed presented a hardly more distressing general appearance than that which is threatened by the utterly monotonous and commonplace constructions planned as their successors. Who the architect may be I do not know; but is there not a commission which has influence and taste enough to introduce some variety into the sky line, if not into the façades? The classical style of architecture is admirable in itself, but it, like every other style, needs to be treated decently and by an architect of ability.

When we came to Washington three years ago and drove to Hains' Point, we were delighted with the rich, beautiful border of flowers and with the rose bushes near the Point. Now all that beauty has given place to dull, formal beds. Was nobody, who has some artistic taste, consulted? Apparently not.

Yours very truly,

Washington, D. C. HAROLD N. FOWLER

Carpets Again

SIR:

I have read Mr. Dilley's letter about my review of his book, *Oriental Rugs and Carpets*. I should like to draw the attention of your readers to one or two things about the letter which I consider as unfair as he seems to think my review.

In the first place he quotes my review, putting together parts of sentences without the customary

dots signifying an omission. That is hardly justifiable. I refer especially to the parts of the first paragraph of my review which he quotes in his letter, without indicating just exactly where words and groups of words have been left out. It so happens that Mr. Dilley has here taken too seriously a figure of speech I used: "The result is, of course, somewhat similar to the view of a country from an aeroplane passing over it at a considerable elevation. . . ." I did not state nor infer that complete knowledge of the subject *could* "be acquired, or even surmised, from the terrain or inhabitants of modern Persia." The "terrain" over which my unfortunate aeroplane passed was the "history of the early civilization of the Near East, especially Persia." This historical background seemed to me quite sufficient.

I accept Mr. Dilley's correction that this book is upon khilims as well as pile carpets. But it is my opinion that he does not always use these terms with the greatest accuracy. I found the reference to rugs and khilims on pages 4 and 5 of the book a little confusing and I thought them likely to be more so to people having had even less experience in textiles than have I. I have not looked up Mr. Dilley's quotations from Ovid and Herodotus, since he gives no precise references by which it can be done. However, I should hesitate to say from what he quotes that it is "rug" weaving to which the quotations refer. Here seems to be plenty of room for difference of opinion: because of this I fail to see that I drew a "conclusion wholly fallacious" from a "premise true and obvious."

I also accept Mr. Dilley's statement regarding the illustrations of Chinese rugs. Some of the rugs are given without any date, and as this so often means that they have no considerable age I drew a conclusion at least preponderantly fallacious. The designs are in most cases not unusual and could well be considered somewhat later in date than they actually are. It is perhaps unwise to judge from such small photographs.

There were other very minor points which I considered mentioning as possibly not quite ideal but my desire to be fair to a book which is on the whole so adequately done, and so attractively published, led me to leave them in the shadow in which they probably would remain for the casual reader. I did not find fault, for example, with a heading on page 34 which reads: "Uzun Hazan, 1466-1477. Probable owner of extant medallion and silk rug masterpieces," which is followed by three pages of text that do not even refer to an "extant" rug formerly owned by Uzun Hazan. There is, in fact, nothing about rugs in the entire three pages except

two references to the fact that there were "excellent good carpets" and "a magnificent carpet." The author then passes to another subject, leaving us slightly disappointed.

Mr. Dilley has misunderstood the short paragraph of mine which I here repeat: "Since a 'pillar rug' is shown it seems too bad to label a real 'pillar rug' as a 'temple hanging'!" In his letter the author says that I "complain also that a pillar rug is misnamed a temple hanging. Pillar rugs are temple hangings." I certainly did not mean to complain; it simply occurred to me that although pillar rugs are temple hangings the converse is not necessarily true. It would be as true to deduce that Americans are Indians from the statement that Indians are Americans. The latter term is simply more comprehensive and the former more precise.

I don't wish to continue an argument with Mr. Dilley, nor did I mean to insult collectively his "eighteen authorities . . . including Miss Frances Morris." I did make a plea for the development of independent judgment in buying. No doubt, the impulse to learn more about rugs or tapestries and their differences would be sounder if it originated in curiosity about or delight in some actual piece. This would properly lead one to books and to authorities such as those Mr. Dilley refers to without deadening the initial desire for understanding. In this way a collector may develop an educated taste. To accept blindly advice, however authentic, does away with the growth of ability to choose the good and discard the less good. It seems to me that this is the chief privilege and pleasure of collecting. To take for granted, because even the greatest expert says so, that a rug is fine is likely to make the would-be collector into a purchaser of pieces that in no way reflect his personality, if, indeed, he has one!

But I fear the ardor of my private and possibly negligible opinions has already taken too much of your valuable space and I will not trouble you further.

Yours very truly,
Washington, D. C. GEORGE HEWITT MYERS

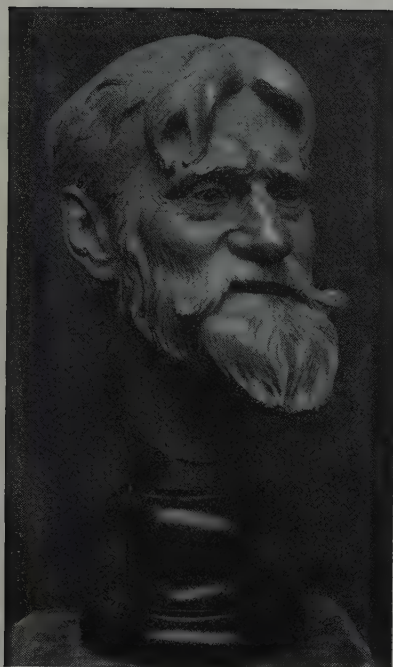
Nebraska's Capital

SIR:

I wish to call to your attention that in the March number of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART, page 208, under "Lee Lawrie: Pioneers," the statement is: "Nebraska State Capitol, Omaha." Omaha is the largest city in the state of Nebraska but Lincoln is still the capital.

Yours very truly,
Lincoln, Nebraska LOUISE MUNDY

EXHIBITIONS



Mahonri Young: Emil Carlsen
Awarded the Maynard Portrait Prize, 107th
Annual Exhibition, The National Academy
of Design



Carl W. Peters: Barnyard
Awarded the Third Hallgarten Prize, The National Academy of Design



Victor Higgins: Winter Funeral
Awarded the First Altman Prize, The National Academy of Design

Exhibitions

THE One Hundred and Seventh Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design closed on April twenty-eighth after being acclaimed as an indication that liberalizing influences are at work in that time-honored organization. The prizes, totaling twenty-five hundred dollars, were awarded, according to Edward Alden Jewell in the *New York Times*, with unusual success. "It is frequently impossible to do more than shrug when it comes to the selections chosen by the jury of awards. But this time the jury certainly picked well when it decided that 'Winter Funeral' by Victor Higgins, A. N. A., should receive the first Altman prize of \$1,000." The Second Altman Prize of five hundred dollars went to George Oberteuffer for his "House of the Rabbi." Robert Brackman won the Thomas B. Clarke Prize of three hundred dollars for the best figure composition by an American artist with his "Portrait." The Second Hallgarten Prize of two hundred dollars was awarded Jes Schlaikjer for his farm scene, "The Little Ones." Carl W. Peters won the Third Hallgarten Prize of one hundred dollars with his "Barnyard." The Ellin P. Speyer Memorial Prize of three hundred dollars for a work portraying animals went to the sculptor of "Wounded Crow," Ralph H. Humes. Mahonri Young won the Isaac N. Maynard Prize of one hundred dollars for his portrait head in bronze of the late Emil Carlsen. Two prizes were not awarded this year: the First Hallgarten Prize and the Saltus Medal.

Mr. Jewell does not find the show entirely commendable. He writes: "In our enthusiasm we should be careful to avoid giving the impression that every artist represented has seen the light and gone in for better things. By segregating the high spots, one would find the rank and file marching as before along the old well-paved highway of cultivated mediocrity and moribund idea."

The Twelfth International Water Color Exhibition of the Art Institute of Chicago, which closed on May thirtieth, presented to the public nearly all the old favorites of the medium as well as many new names. The prize awards were as follows: the Watson F. Blair Purchase Prize of six hundred dollars was awarded to Maurice Prendergast's "Yacht Race." The second prize, the Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Logan Medal and five hundred dollars, was won by "The Cove," painted by William Zorach. The third prize, the Watson F. Blair award of four hundred dollars went to the German-born artist Heinrich Campendonk for his "In Brittany." The fourth prize, the Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Logan Medal and two hundred and fifty dollars, was awarded George W. Eggers' "Monumental." To Lucien Genin of France went the fifth prize, the Logan award of one hundred and fifty dollars. For his "Place du Tertre" the William H. Tuthill Prize of one hundred dollars was won by George Schreiber for his picture "Confirmation."

It is interesting to note that the first prize was won posthumously by Mr. Prendergast with a picture painted about forty years ago. A revaluation of the work of the recent past seems to be taking place. The second-prize picture was quite different in character: Zorach's broad and free brushfuls of vivid color contrast with the tapestry-like, broken designs of Prendergast. The third-prize picture is still different in technique, tending toward abstract arrangements of natural formalizations. In other prize-winning pictures individual notes were observable.



Robert Brackman: Portrait
The Thomas B. Clarke Prize, The National Academy of Design



George Oberteuffer: House of the Rabbi
Awarded the Second Altman Prize, The National Academy of Design



Ralph H. Humes: Wounded Crow
Awarded the Ellin P. Speyer Memorial Prize, The National Academy of Design



Jes Schlaikjer: The Little Ones
Awarded the Second Hallgarten Prize, The National Academy of Design



Lucien Genin: Place du Tertre

Awarded the Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Logan Medal and One Hundred and Fifty Dollars, Twelfth International Water Color Exhibition, The Art Institute of Chicago



Maurice Prendergast: Yacht Race

Awarded the Watson F. Blair Purchase Prize of Six Hundred Dollars, The Art Institute of Chicago



George William Eggers: Monumental

The Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Logan Medal and Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars, The Art Institute of Chicago



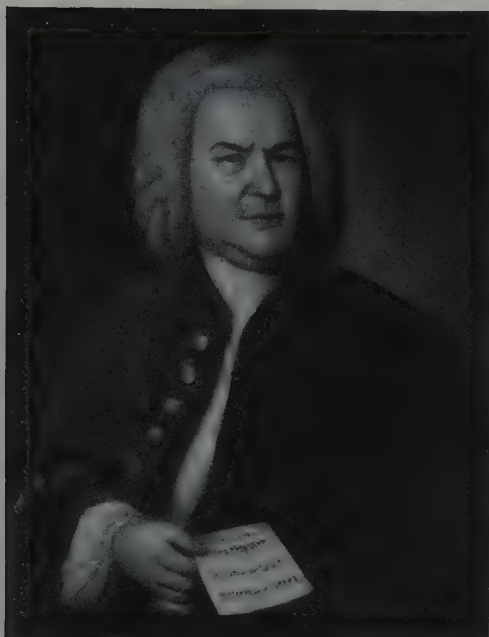
Heinrich Campendonk: From Brittany
Awarded the Watson F. Blair Purchase Prize of Four Hundred Dollars
The Art Institute of Chicago



William Zorach: The Cove
The Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Logan Medal and Five Hundred Dollars, The Art Institute of Chicago

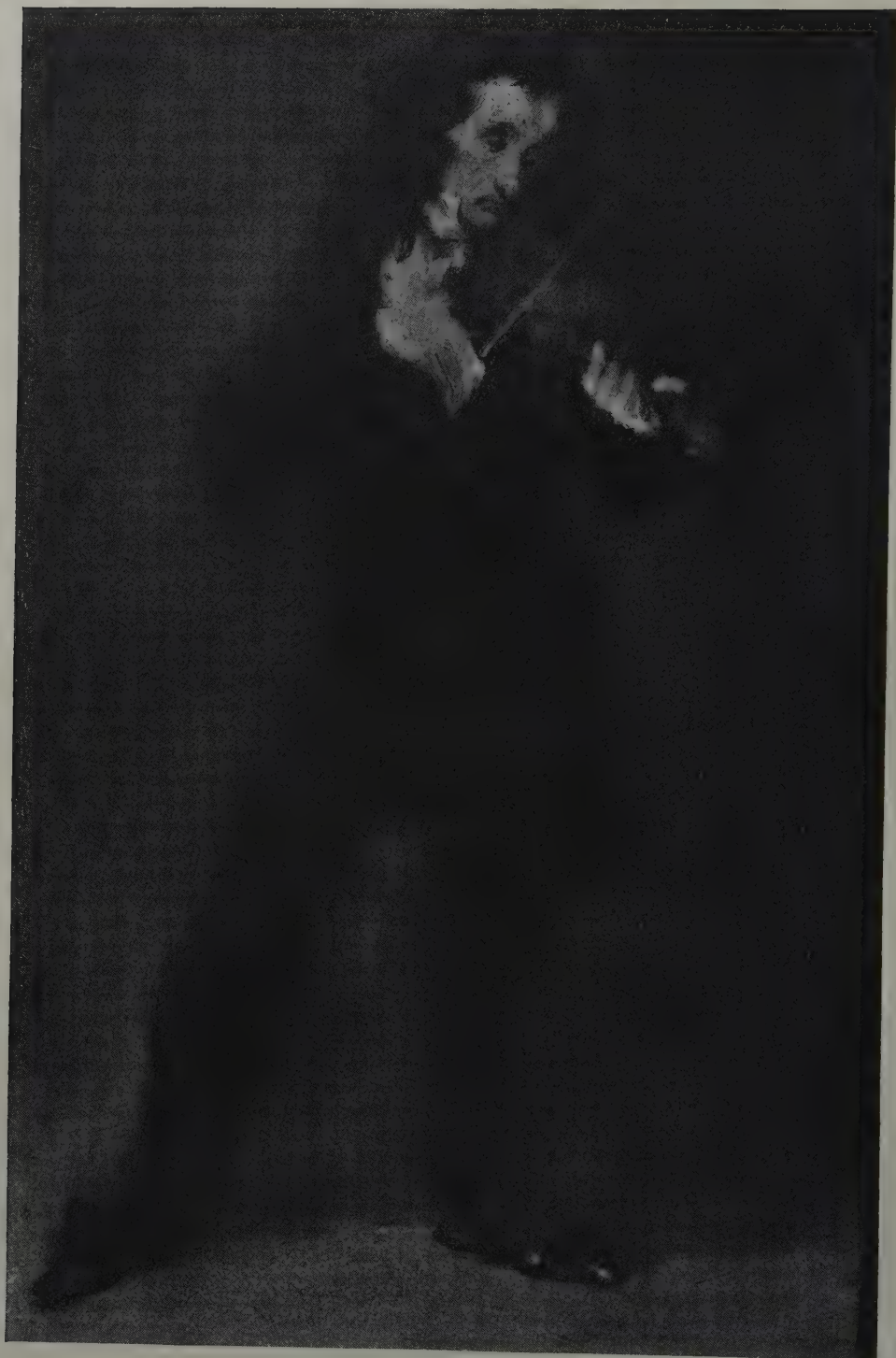
MUSIC

AUGUSTUS DELAFIELD ZANZIG ASSOCIATE EDITOR



Johann Sebastian Bach

A Print in the Collection of the Library of Congress



Delacroix: Paganini
The Phillips Memorial Gallery

The Bach Club of Baltimore

By Elizabeth Ray Lewis

HERR ADOLF BUSCH came to this country as soloist for the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. He came because Arturo Toscanini thought it was high time that American audiences should hear the musician known on the continent of Europe as the great German violinist—the great interpreter of Johann Sebastian Bach.

He came for a few weeks only. He was scheduled to give no solo recitals whatever. He gave one. At this recital Herr Busch did something which, he told a friend, he had never done before. He played four Bach sonatas on one programme. The great German violinist gave this one American recital for no celebrated patron of music but for a poor and practically unknown group.

The Bach Club of Baltimore was begun by a few young people, music students and their friends, who really liked Bach and wanted to know more of him. They decided that the best way to know his work was to hear it. Some of them had phonograph records of his music. One had the B Minor Mass. They were to meet at the home of one of their members who had the best phonograph, bring their records and play Bach. "At first once a week," as one of the members said, "and then as the summer grew hotter, twice a week"! they met to listen to Bach's music.

Some one in the Club knew a man who played with the Philadelphia Orchestra and told him about what they were doing. The musician said, "How would you like to have a concert? Three of my friends and I go round the country and play sometimes. If you can raise our railroad fare from Philadelphia, we could come over and play you some Bach. We like to play it but we didn't know there were any people who wanted to hear the music we really want to play." And so they did.

The Bach Club at its beginning was not particularly ambitious. It aimed simply at encouraging Bach concerts and enjoying Bach. Of course no one in the group was so completely in love with Bach that he wanted to ignore other composers, but they concentrated on one musician, and that one of the greatest, simply as a focal point.

By this time the Club had become a real organization with club-rooms, an electric phonograph and an ever-growing collection of fine records. Naturally, however, they wished for more "real music" and so they consulted various musically minded persons about branching out into concerts and encouraging the playing of compositions that cannot be given on programmes dictated by box-office returns. They were told the old, old story: "It can't be done" and urged by their well-meaning but mistaken advisors not to try.

But the Club was young and courageous and they thought it might be done and that it was worth trying. They decided that they would continue the record-playing but that they would also plan a series of concerts. They let people know of the Club, rented a room and sold tickets for the series. The room is an informal place, not a hall, a sort of ballroom. There are no reserved seats sold. The chairs are not screwed to the floor—they are moved about until every one is sitting where he wants to sit. If you prefer to be near the platform you pick up your chair and move closer to it.

After the first series of concerts they planned for the present season a schedule of five events. And then a member of the Club mentioned that Busch was coming to America and said, "Why don't we have him?" They said, "Have him—he wouldn't play for us. What could we pay him—Toscanini—!" But the member insisted. So a letter was written telling Herr Busch what the Bach Club was, a group of people who liked Bach, had a collection of phonograph records, et cetera. They could not offer to engage Herr Busch for a recital but they wanted to hear him.

Busch replied that he wanted to play for them and would do so.

For this event they hired a larger hall, not a large one, but one big enough to permit them to issue about four hundred single-admission tickets in addition to the regular subscriptions. For Busch had played in Baltimore with the New York Philharmonic and the circle of friends had to be enlarged to admit new friends who had heard of the Bach Club and knew that this recital was an event not only in the history of the Club but in the musical world. The recital need not be described. At its close, the applause recalled Herr Busch again and again, until, as a very graceful gesture of appreciation, he played an encore, the little Gavotte in E major.

In addition to Herr Busch's recital, the Bach Club presented this season the Compinsky Trio, musicians who have been playing together from childhood and who play all their programmes from memory, in trios by Beethoven, Brahms, and Ravel. The Budapest String Quartette played quartettes by Beethoven, Brahms, and Bartok. Harold Samuel, who startled England years ago by playing a whole week of Bach recitals from memory, played the thirty Goldberg variations never before given in their entirety in Baltimore. These variations were written by Bach at the request of Goldberg, the pianist who was engaged by a duke to play to him during the long hours of the night when he could not sleep. Ethel Bartlett and Mae Robertson's two-piano recital included works by Bach, Brahms, Haydn, and Mozart. The Philadelphia Musical Fund Ensemble, the only organization in America who have the composer's consent to give Webern's String Trio, played, in addition to this Trio, a Schoenbert quartette with voice and a late quartette of Beethoven.

The concerts are not a source of revenue for the Club, but the Club realizes when arranging them that deficits will occur, and with the dues collected from members it is able to meet all expenses.

The cherished phonograph records will still be played. Future recitals of the Bach Club will still be small, an intimate assembling of a group who want to hear music. The ideal setting for music is an intimate one.

It would be difficult, probably impossible, to find in this country a town in which no phonograph can be made available. There is no reason why there should not be Bach Clubs, Beethoven Clubs, Brahms Clubs all over the country. And wherever there is a group of listeners who want to hear, musicians will be found to play—not necessarily members of a symphony orchestra or guest artists from Europe. Folk songs, Elizabethan madrigals, the simpler compositions of Schubert, Brahms, and others can be sung by those who have voices, and for the instrumentalist who is too modest to attempt sonatas every great composer has provided simpler music.

One suspects that Adolf Busch returned to the Continent with no more happy memory than that one solo recital at which for the first time he played four sonatas by Bach on one programme and played for people who wanted to hear and who were used to listening.

GRAPHIC ARTS

HENRY SAYLES FRANCIS ASSOCIATE EDITOR



Robert Austin: Portrait of a Lady

*Awarded the Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Logan First Prize
First Annual Exhibition of Etching and Engraving
The Art Institute of Chicago*



Louis Rosenberg: Capri—San Stefano
Awarded the Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Logan Second Prize, The Art Institute of Chicago



Earl Horter: Junk Shop
Awarded the Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Logan Third Prize, The Art Institute of Chicago

Etching and Engraving at Chicago

By Walter J. Sherwood

WHILE officially the present International Exhibition of Etching and Engraving, recently on view at the Art Institute of Chicago, was the first to be given under the auspices of the Institute, it was really the twenty-second annual show of etchings given in the museum. In 1910, the Chicago Society of Etchers was organized with twenty members, at that time the only organized body of the kind in the United States. It caught the popular fancy from the start, for here was an opportunity for the public to see and to acquire works of art of genuine merit at a sum within the reach of practically every one.

The original Society grew until it numbered one hundred and sixty-two active members, many of whom were foreigners, and three hundred and eighty-two associate members. It soon outgrew its local character and its annual show became an important international exhibition, in which many distinguished etchers participated.

For twenty-two years the Society carried on under the direction of its Secretary, Mrs. Bertha E. Jaques of Chicago, who in her own right was an etcher of note and an authority on the art. The work of assembling and caring for the multitudinous details of this annual exhibition, in the past two or three years, had become so exacting a tax upon the health of the Secretary that in the fall of 1931 the Society requested the Art Institute to take over the work and continue with it in the future. The Committee on Prints and Drawings of the Art Institute acceded to this request and has just presented the first exhibition under the new arrangement.

For the jury of selection the Committee chose Earl Horter, artist, of Philadelphia; Horace M. Swope, Trustee of the City Art Museum, St. Louis; and Henry Sayles Francis, Curator of Prints and Drawings of the Cleveland Museum of Art, who, because of illness, was unable to serve.

Despite the world-wide depression, the record number of three thousand, three hundred and forty-one entries was attained, representing twenty-two countries. Because of limited gallery space the jury selected three hundred to hang. A survey of these prints indicates that in the choice of subjects to be exhibited the jury favored those possessing the greatest creative and individual talent. If this suggests "modernism" then the show may be said to have evidenced a strong trend in that direction.

However, the three Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Logan prizes, awarded by the Committee on Prints and Drawings, went to works of a conservative classification. The First Prize of one hundred dollars was given Robert Austin (English) for his engraving "Portrait of a Lady." This is an example of careful draughtsmanship, the purpose of which is not so much to reveal the technical skill of the engraver as to depict the personality of the subject—a middle-aged woman.

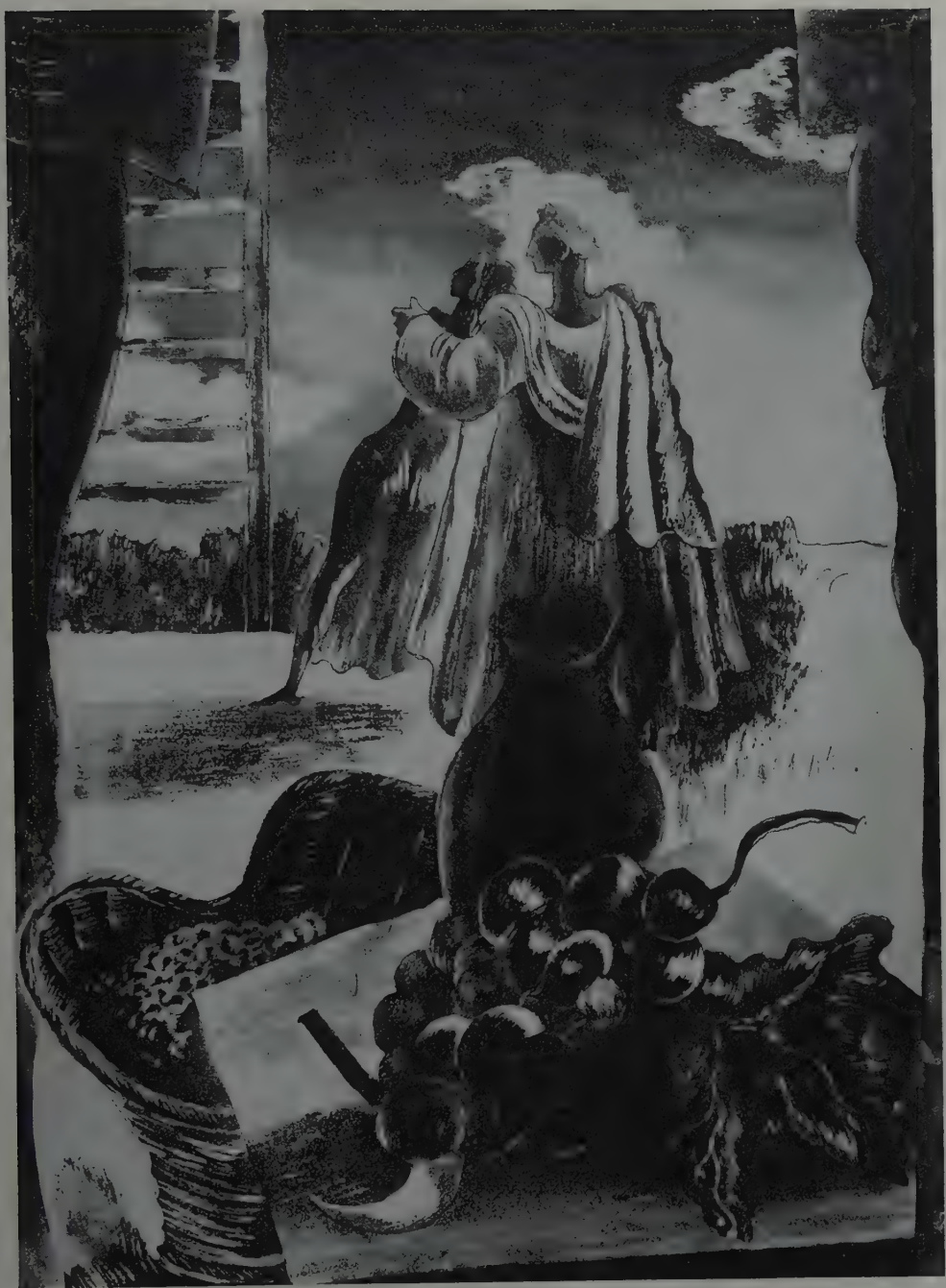
The Second Prize of seventy-five dollars was awarded Louis Rosenberg (American) for his drypoint "Capri—San Stefano." This is a study of linear dimensions, a handling of planes, of horizontals and verticals, and of a careful spacing, cloth-



Stanley Anderson: Between Tides, Dieppe
Awarded Honorable Mention, The Art Institute of Chicago



Ian Strang: Harley Street
Awarded Honorable Mention, The Art Institute of Chicago



Edy Legrand: Illustration for "The Song of Songs"
Awarded Honorable Mention, The Art Institute of Chicago

ing the subject in an authentic atmosphere. Earl Horter (American) won the Third Prize of fifty dollars with his aquatint "Junk Shop." This is a most interesting work, possessing in one color the tonal values of a water color. The generous space occupied by the wall in the back is not mere space that happened to be there



Gerald Brockhurst: Anaïs Number 2
Awarded Honorable Mention, The Art Institute of Chicago

but is in itself a theme showing how a gray wall may be made to suggest a scale of charming color tones.

If we may gather anything as to the trend of media in use at the present time, we shall see that the aquatint is in favor and that line-engraving is being used more and more. It may be that, as some one has suggested, the lean and elusive income has caused a limited market for the more expensive oils and water colors, and the artists have as a consequence, at least for the present, sought to make plates from which a hundred prints may be made, each to sell at a nominal figure.

Of the prints awarded honorable mention, Stanley Anderson's "Between Tides, Dieppe," is noteworthy because it is such an excellent example of the sincerity of the English draughtsman. Here is no attempt to obtain results through a sophisticated technique. It is sincere, honest craftsmanship.



Armin Landeck: Pianist

Awarded Honorable Mention, The Art Institute of Chicago

Edy Legrand (French) was awarded an honorable mention for his illustration Number 9 for *The Song of Songs*. An aquatint, this was thought so well of that it was used on the cover of the catalogue. A table in the foreground contains a still-life arrangement. In the background are two costumed singers, seen through a draped window. The effect is quite impressionistic.

Gerald Brockhurst's "Anaïs Number 2," a typical etching, is quite in the style of this artist's robust realism. The texture of the flesh of the young girl's face is a genuine achievement.

Ian Strang's "Harley Street" is perhaps the most prim and forthright architectural subject in the show, and yet its beautiful clarity and masterly handling of perspective, with a delightful sense of sunlight and shadow, abundantly justify the honorable mention it received.

Walter Klinkert (German) exhibits a drypoint entitled "Notbrücke in Berlin," hard and uncompromising as the bridge itself. There is no question as to the remarkable skill and finesse employed in this work, but its very photographic nicety precludes associating it with what we look for in a work of creative art.

Armin Landeck (American) also won an honorable mention for his "Pianist," a drypoint with an excellent portrait appeal but not convincing in its textures.

There are countless amusing prints in this exhibition. To show life as it is, the artist has every right to reflect considerable of the broad humor he daily encounters and even much of the ridiculous. A case in point is "The Accusation," a drypoint by S. Van Abbé. Here we see three voluble French citizens all talking and gesticulating at once, pouring their accusations into the ears of a stalwart *sergent de ville*, who looks at them with an expression of unfathomable suspicion. Individual characteristics are caught with a fidelity and a sense of the comedy element worthy of a Daumier.

For a conception of what some people imagine is happening to our present-day civilization, one might study Will Dyson's New York fantasy. It is a drypoint of a rich, imaginative quality in which a huge, gray-white figure, with great flabby muscles, horns, tail, and cloven hoofs, looks down from the top of one of Manhattan's tallest skyscrapers at the seething scene below. The figures look like ants to him, rushing hither and thither, and the deep canyons of the streets are traps in which the bustling, crazy figures are caught. One imagines the Old Fellow is chuckling over the fact that man has built for himself such an elaborate system of contrivances in which he immolates himself to his own soul's destruction. The artist has carried out this impression with uncanny skill.

No exhibition of prints or drawings would be quite complete without that wandering American minstrel of art, George ("Pop") Hart. His "Dias de Fiesta, Number 1" is filled with such an astonishing spirit of movement that one gets a vivid sense of its reality. As a composition it ranks high, and the delightful gradations of gray tones are at once mysterious and fascinating.

Picasso's four outline etchings indicate how form may be expressed by a continuous line, with a high degree of emotional feeling. Three subjects by Matisse are also drawn in outline and are endowed with grace and beauty.



Walter Klinkert: *Notbrücke in Berlin*
Awarded Honorable Mention, *The Art Institute of Chicago*

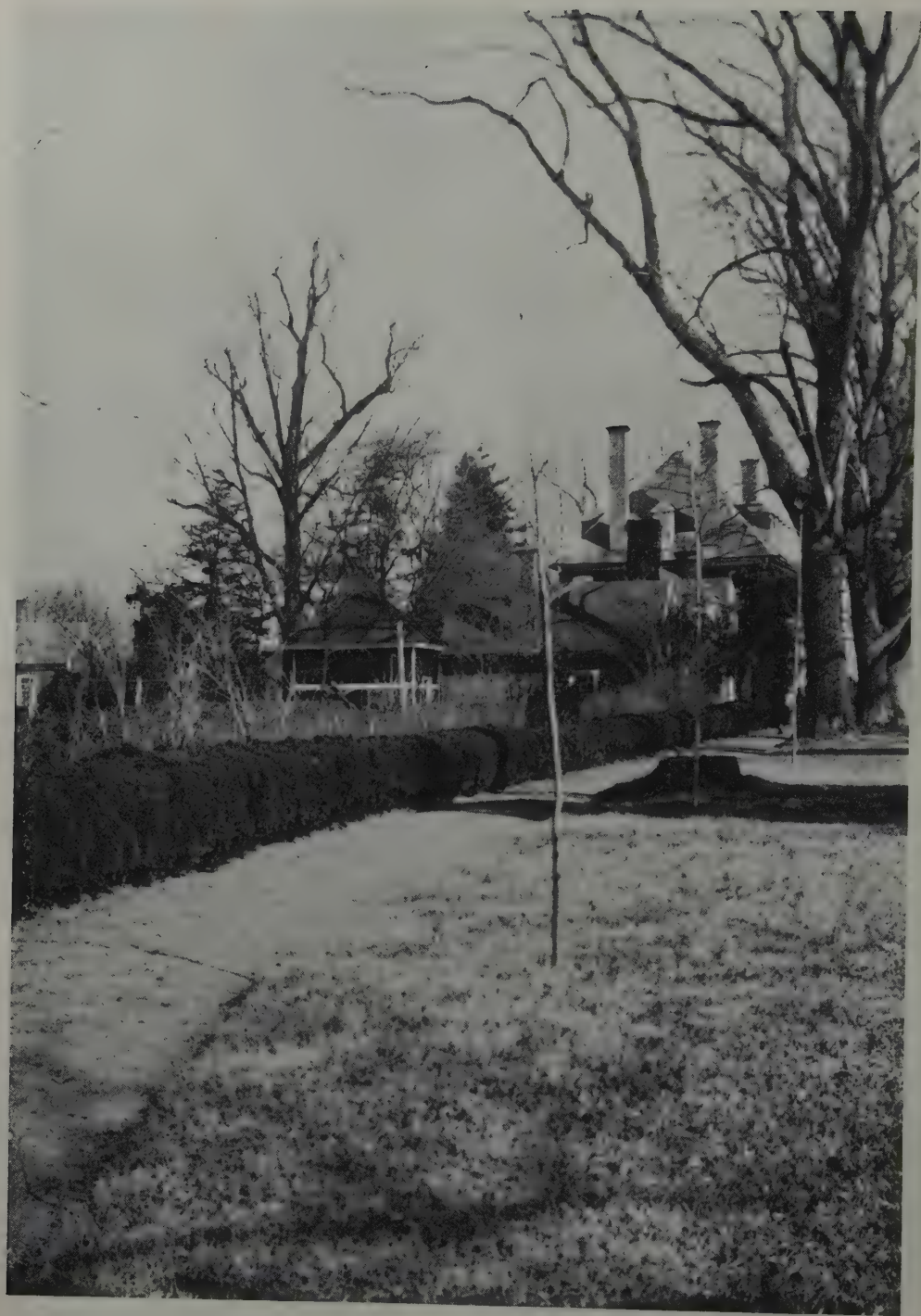
LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE

BRADFORD WILLIAMS ASSOCIATE EDITOR



Brandon, Central Alley of the Garden

*Photograph by I. T. Frary, Cleveland; Courtesy of
"Landscape Architecture"*



WeStover, Approach to River Front of House from the West

The Cavalier Style in Landscape

The Earlier Plantations of Virginia

By Robert Wheelwright

WITH the growth of popular interest in Early-American architecture which has been developing in the past decade on the one hand, and that in gardening in general on the other, we arrive at a common meeting ground in the old plantations of Virginia.

Here, as in no other part of the country, we find estates belonging to early Colonial days in good preservation. Extensive grounds have not been cut up into real estate projects, nor have modern commercial structures replaced fine estates as in the New England cities. The mansion houses were too far apart to develop trade in communities, and to a great extent, like the monastic and feudal establishments of Medieval days, the plantations became self-sustaining. Thus, a type of colonization unfavorable to the foundation and development of towns and villages has saved this heritage of early days. Plantations widely scattered along the many rivers and tidal estuaries have never been encroached on by civic growth and still remain far out in the country.

Brick was the material most commonly used for building, the minor structures down to the "necessaries" being of brick; so even neglect, consequent to the Civil War, has failed to obliterate them. On the other hand, this very neglect has saved them from suffering "improvements," and though the gardens are overgrown, lawns uncared for, and yards untidy, we can visualize the past more clearly than had prosperity continued. Age-old box tells its story. Walls and the organized relationships of buildings make clear the schemes. By its very nature, landscape design is subject to ever-changing effects, as plants reach maturity and seedlings perpetuate older plants; but, barring this factor, we find here conditions that have not essentially changed since the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries.

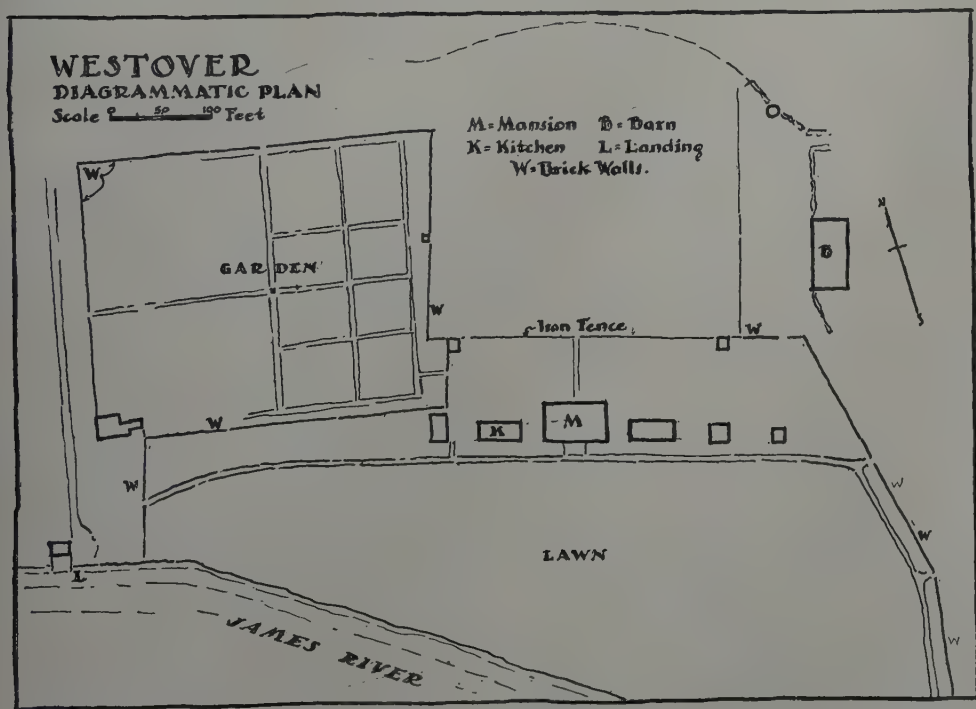
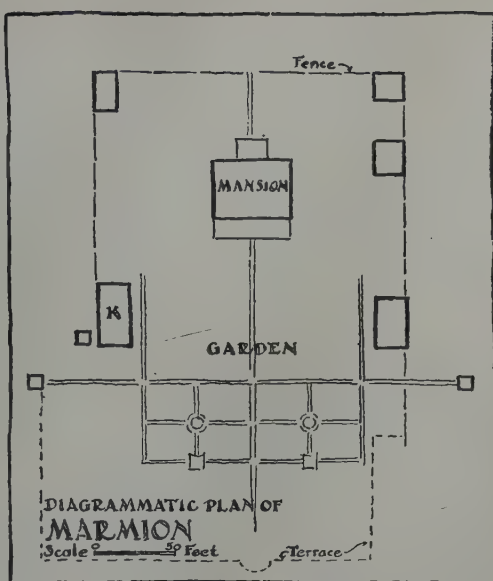
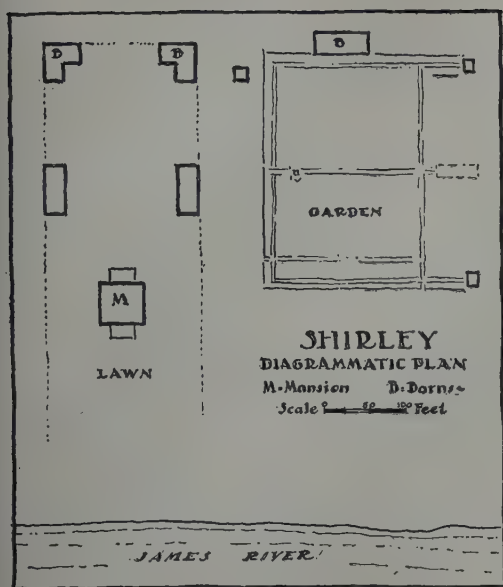
From the more popular viewpoint, interest in the flower garden may outweigh interest in the broader consideration of landscape design, and interest in ancient box or other plants may outweigh interest in the design of the gardens. Box, especially, assumes a character with age that is almost unique; with its thick, rich foliage, picturesque growth, tree-like stems, it is an exceedingly handsome plant. Close by a path, generations unconsciously brush past it and actually effect its growth. The patina of use is not visible as it is on a newel post, but it is none the less existent and lends that charm that use alone can give. It is this relation to life that creates the greatest interest in the box-bush, and that relationship must be followed through all the relationships to the man-made organization of which the box is but an incident, but from which it has received its particular character.

No art is spontaneous. As he built his houses, so, too, the Colonist planned his grounds in the traditional manner of his fathers. The potter, transported to a frontier, may find no materials available that permit production in the accustomed manner. New methods may have to be applied, but traditional forms and designs are not forsaken, and a highly developed art may even be reflected in the crudity resultant from simple methods or inferior materials. Up to the time of the Restora-

tion, England had gradually developed a style of landscape design that was truly national. Foreign influences were quickly absorbed and adjusted to English living conditions, and it was only under the influence of fashion introduced by Charles II that they became copyists in any marked degree. Even then the style of André Le Notre was readjusted in a way that differentiates it from work in that style as developed in Holland, Germany, and elsewhere. But the style of Le Notre was not adapted to life under primitive conditions; it epitomized the conventionality of an age of elegance and finery. Costly to create and again to maintain, even when modified, there was little but the breadth of formal treatment that might suggest its influence in the early Virginia estates. The colonists rather held to the traditional manner of Tudor planning, a style developed with special regard for the practical functioning of the English estates. It was a simple expression in conventionalized planning inspired by the spirit of the Italian Renaissance, but was modified for a far different mode of life. The English manor was not the plaything of wealthy nobility, a pleasure resort, as was the Italian villa, but a permanent home. Farming was the source of revenue, and the English landowner depended upon his country home for his income as well as his recreation. Provision for recreation could not be considered apart from the practical considerations of farm management, and an atmosphere of home comfort distinguishes the most pretentious developments. The style that was born of these conditions was appropriate to the projected life in Virginia. Orderly planning for arrangement of buildings and relationship of gardens, fields, and meadows was essential in the successful development of this business of farming. Compact grouping was best adapted for purposes of defense, a necessary provision in the wilderness.

The simplest form of order in design is that of symmetry, and such is the order man naturally applies under primitive conditions. In Virginia, where grantees established vast plantations, the ground was generally but slightly rolling and it was sufficiently level to offer freedom for the development of formal plans without entailing any considerable amount of grading. In other words, it favored formal symmetrical planning. Access from the tidal waters was the only preëxistent factor controlling design, for these estuaries alone served as highways between neighboring plantations as well as lanes for the ships to and from England. They also offered a ready means of escape should hostile Indians threaten attack. There was no necessity of considering existing structures, buildings, villages, highways, or irregular ground as in England, so we find Tudor tradition in planning developed in a more symmetrical manner than is usual in the mother country. Choice sites were plentiful with the advantage of a river view and an opportunity to orient the house in such a way that it would receive the maximum benefit from the prevailing winds of summer, which alone tempered the excessive heat.

The need of many buildings to serve the varied requirements of plantation life was of immense help in creating effective grouping for formal schemes, without pretentiousness in any of the buildings. The recognized importance of the smallest structures in such planning is obvious in the conspicuous use of the "necessaries," always carefully designed, often used as terminal features of garden paths, and resembling garden houses. The "mansion" was usually flanked by kitchen and office; and barns, stables, and other buildings, if not an integral part of the same group, were never far away. The plan of Shirley, which may date from as early as 1660, suggests a plan developed with particular consideration for defense in case



Diagrammatical Plans Made from Information Taken from Measured Plans by G. Gorton Davis, by Permission of Mrs. Davis

of attack by the Indians. In fact, it is believed that a wall once existed, forming a complete enclosure. Marmion, built in 1674, shows a similar grouping and today has a fence which forms a large rectangular plot in line with the outer walls of the outer buildings. Perhaps this was the line of the stockade in the seventeenth century. And there can be little question but that defense was a consideration in the design of the walls at Westover, in 1730.

Such close grouping and complete symmetry of buildings as at Shirley and Marmion accentuate formality, although the tree growth, undirected for generations, appears informal. Where the grouping of buildings is less compact, as at Westover, the casual observer is apt to overlook the conventionality of landscape design in early days and forget that informal design was not developed until the eighteenth century. We hear enthusiasm for the "informality" of these old places when their very essence is such organized formality that even the scattered growth of trees does not break their definite design. One of the glories of Westover is the row of ancient trees paralleling the river-front of the house. These are probably a second planting but may well date back to the original plan. There is no reason to believe that anything was not in conformity with the formal planting of the plantation.

One important aspect of the planning is particularly hard for us to picture today—the fact that approach by land was unimportant. Some few travelers might have come on horseback, but none in wheeled vehicles. The road from the dock was the regular approach for guests, and at Westover we can better imagine the river-front of the house as the main entrance point, although the elaborate iron grille on the opposite side gives an impression of importance to the forecourt, where we alight today from a motor car. Could this iron fence have offered a measure of protection against Indians? It is possible that this was considered when William Byrd thus created a pretentious aspect to the traditional front. The brick walls, which are extended from both ends of the iron fence in wide sweeps to the river's edge, are of a magnificence in keeping with the whole but, as we have already suggested, were doubtless conceived for the same reason that enclosures existed at Shirley and Marmion. The secret passage that led underground from the house to a point some distance down the river is evidence that escape was provided for in case of attack.

The typical house-plan with central hall and door at both ends made entrance equally convenient from each side. Not its least merit was the resultant circulation of air in hot weather. Where, as at Shirley, the hall did not run through the house, we find the front door facing the side toward a land approach in a traditional manner. Provision was apparently made in all cases for such an approach, whether from habit or looking toward a day when roads would be built, we cannot say. We do know that these early planners were far-seeing in their plans and may have considered this contingency. At Brandon, for instance, we have a scheme that was not completed until Republican days. The original house (c. 1720) is the south wing of the present house, and the relationships of the entire plan can hardly fail to indicate that the main scheme had been determined when this was built. Instances are not uncommon in Virginia where houses have been built in part, added to later, and sometimes only partially completed to the present day.

Although our Virginia plantations were developed with a conventional plan, the landing does not appear to be considered in formal relationship to the project.



Brandon, View of the House
 Courtesy of "Landscape Architecture"

The freight station, which it was, naturally would hardly be deemed a desirable object for a conspicuous position. At Westover and Brandon we find it conveniently placed but entirely incidental to the scheme. After all, the approach to either of these places from the landing has peculiar charm. One has only to visit Mount Vernon by boat to realize how far pleasanter such an approach can be than one by land.

That practical reasons were the sole consideration in adopting these formal plans is absurd in face of the inevitable provision for a flower garden. Effect was as consciously sought in the general plan as it was in the panelled rooms of the house. The river-front was devoted to recreation and family life as definitely as the opposite side provided entrance court and reception for strangers. Whether it was developed with terraces and gardens as at Marmion or simple lawn as at Westover was unquestionably a matter of taste combined with selection of site. Westover and Shirley were built so close to the river's edge that the prospect was sufficient in itself. Tuckahoe (1690), at the crest of a steep, high slope, takes advantage of a fine view of the distant river—an unusual prospect, as it was an unusual site to select at so early a date, for it was twelve miles above navigable water.

At all three of these places the flower garden is at the side, but within a very short distance of the house and an integral part of the general scheme. Where the site lacked striking views, the garden was featured, as at Brandon and Marmion. The discretion and taste exhibited in the development of these relationships shows an appreciation even keener than that so generally admired in the houses.

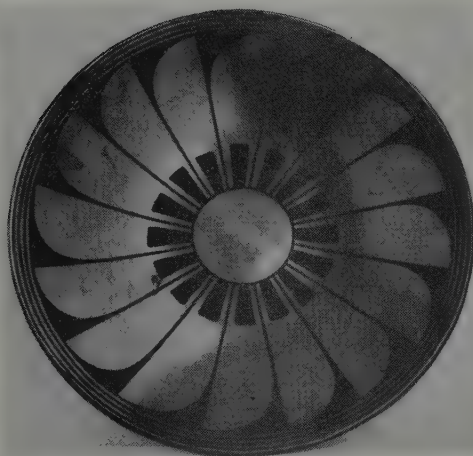
Complete art can never be consideration of any one object by itself, but must depend upon infinite relationships that comprehend the total environment. The actual physical limitations of a room permit a definite concept for aesthetic evaluation, yet we remain unsatisfied if we do not perceive that room to be an integral part of a complete building. As functional and structural relationships of the entire house are revealed to us and as they approach perfection in their order, the more complete are our aesthetic reactions. Outside the house there is no physical limit other than that man creates and vision permits. The order of nature is too complex, too extended, for the mind to comprehend. Organization of form within defined limits can alone effect an aesthetic reaction, but this organization must relate to all that surrounds, as to that it includes, to satisfy our keenest perceptions. The picture of organized shapes—*entourage* for a Beaux Arts "*projet*"—sells the paper plan and is convincing as decoration on a flat surface, but it is rarely feasible in actuality. It is not conceived as a modification of existing ground forms that will relate on one hand to the projected building, on the other to Mother Earth; it is developed as a piece of pure design whose nucleus is a house plan. Its author would impose this plan upon the earth with as little concern for existent conditions as a subsidized Congressman voting under instructions.

In these ancient plantations we discover a keen perception of relations that could result only from the efforts of men who had received intensive training in landscape design or were born with a natural understanding of the complex problems of country life. We have no reason to believe that the services of professional designers were employed in these early projects. The practical considerations of comfortable living and efficient farming under the circumstances of pioneering are fully met. The orderly arrangement of buildings, terraces, and gardens, of fields, meadows, and pastures, shows appreciation for pleasure beyond the pleasure of use.

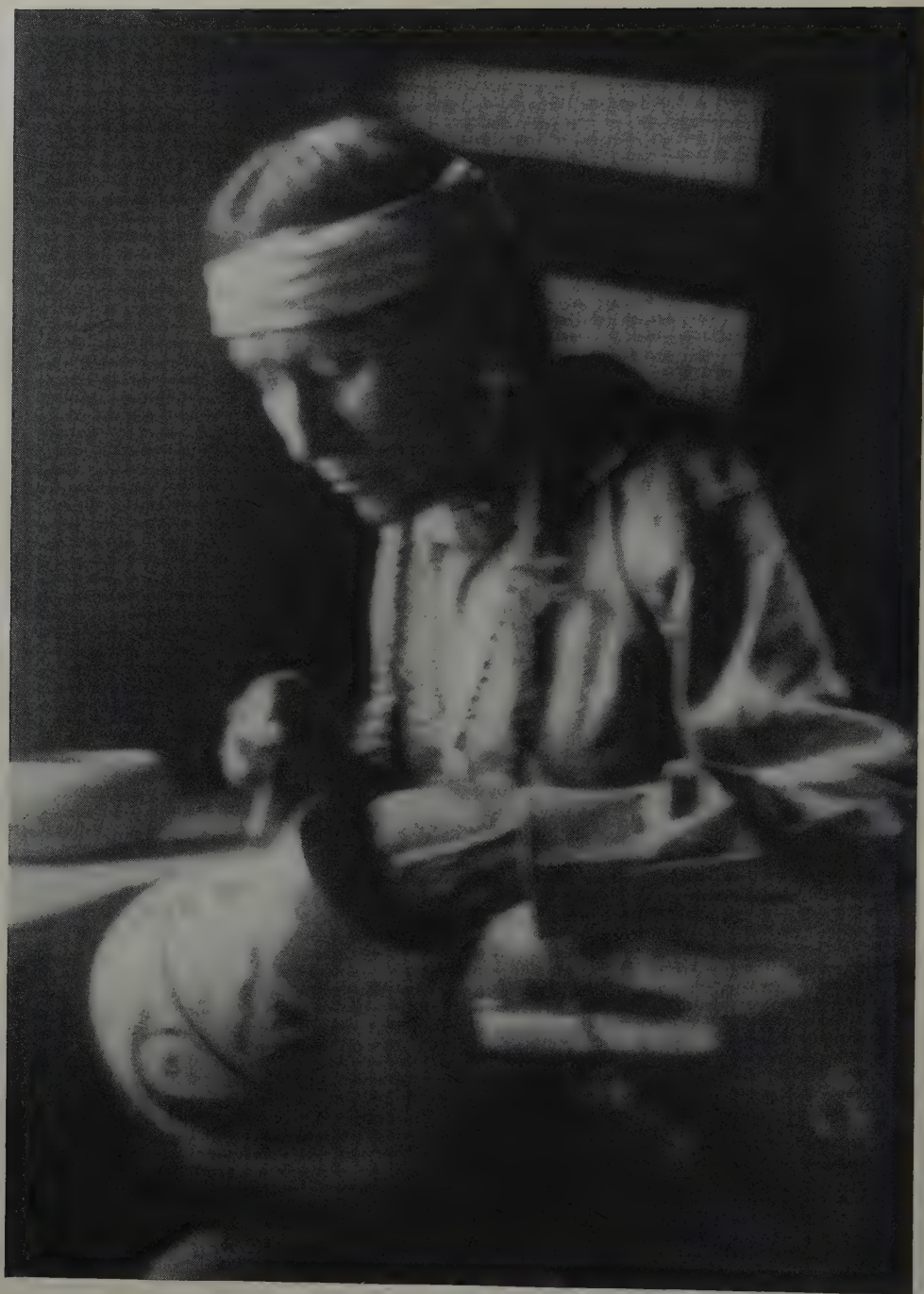
The relation of mansion ground to the existing landscape reveals the most subtle understanding. Advantage is taken of character and circumstance in a way that cannot fail to arouse appreciation among those whose training renders them the ablest critics today. That such approach to perfection was possible under the direction of amateurs is a reflection of conditions far different from those of today. Tradition, culture, education were in the background of the colonist; the necessity to face primitive conditions forced long and careful study; a definite purpose governed his efforts and craftsmen executed the work under his direction.

A native art developed and a style was followed in later Colonial and early Republican days, which, though an outgrowth of Tudor, we can definitely call Cavalier. Even the introduction of ideas borrowed from the Romantic style, the school of landscape gardening that is broadly evident at Mount Vernon, does not break the tradition that was destined to last through the early days of the nineteenth century.

HANDICRAFT



Plaque by Marie Martinez, San Ildefonso



Julian Martinez, Pottery Designer and Governor of the Pueblo of San Ildefonso

Modern Indian Pottery

By C. Norris Millington

IT IS new, yet it is old, the modern pottery of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico. It has been revived and is reviving the economic life of these unique natives.

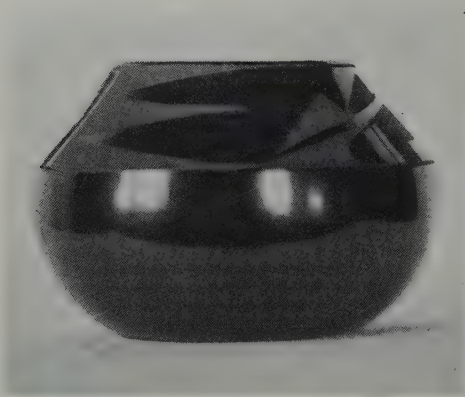
When the Spaniards came into New Mexico in the sixteenth century, they found the Indians living in little towns, pueblos, settled to a life of agriculture. Their houses were built of adobe, some three and four stories high. They were a highly civilized race and had developed an advanced culture. One of the highest forms of art was their pottery. It served an utilitarian purpose but in it they had created a beauty of form and a delicacy of design.

However, unhappily, from the end of the sixteenth century down to the twentieth there was a gradual decline of the ceramic art of the Pueblos. Economic and social difficulties contributed most to this decline. Social unrest is not conducive to artistic production. Then, a little later, the tourists, anxious only to bring back home some "Indian" trinket, caused the prostitution of what little art had been left. Poorly made, inadequately fired little pots, they deserve no other name, were sold as Indian art.

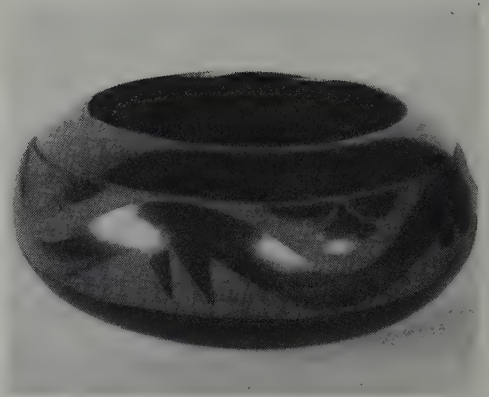
Then into that country went such men as Edgar L. Hewett of the New Mexico Art Museum and School of Research and Kenneth L. Chapman of the Laboratory of Anthropology at Santa Fé. Intensely interested in the primitive culture of the Southwest, Mr. Chapman has collected at the Laboratory hundreds of specimens of the ancient potter's art. He has got the women of the various pueblos interested in using the old designs and in giving up the poor hybrids that were only attracting the small change of the tourist. Several years ago it was discovered that Marie Martinez of the pueblo of San Ildefonso possessed an unusual talent for pottery making. Her pottery, even then, was much better than that made by other Indians. Chapman and others encouraged her to continue and helped her by constructive criticism. She was an expert craftsman and had an amazing eye for form and shape. The proportions of her pieces have always been harmonious. One is always skeptical when told that these artists use no molds or potter's wheel. But they wouldn't know what to do with a potter's wheel if they had one.

Mr. Chapman had among his collection some old black pottery, glazed but with the design in a dull black finish, which apparently was a lost art and undoubtedly came from San Ildefonso. Marie at that time was making only the usual pottery with white, black, and red designs. She was, however, anxious to try to make some of the all-black, not the crude and rough black pottery like that made at Santa Clara, but a refined and delicate type of thing that had been done by her people in the past.

Her husband, Julian, started experimenting with her on various kinds of clay. He found a red clay that became a glossy black when fired. A little more experimenting and it was found that by painting a design on this red clay the design turned a dull black in the firing process. That was about ten years ago. Pottery making at San Ildefonso was at a low ebb. The general economic condition was also low.



*Bowl by Marie Martinez
Pueblo of San Ildefonso*



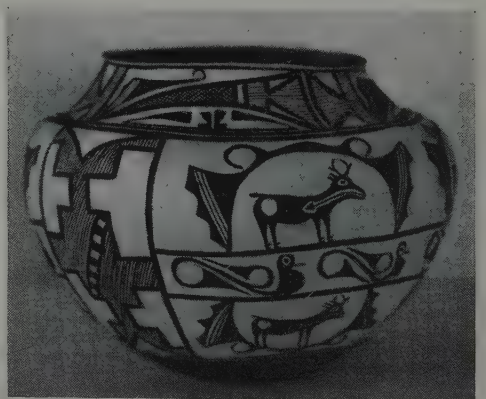
*Small Bowl by Rose Gonzalez
Pupil of Marie Martinez*



Bowl from Santa Clara Pueblo



Rare Old Zuni Piece



Modern Zuni, Using Ancient Designs



Two Examples of Maricopa Ware from Arizona



Pottery Made by Pupils of Marie Martinez, San Ildefonso



Two Fine Pieces by Sixth-Grade Pupils, Government Day School, Acomita, New Mexico

At present, the making of pottery at San Ildefonso practically centers around Marie and Julian. Their success served as a stimulus to the rest. It is a small pueblo, not quite two hundred people, but nearly all are now making pottery. Even the school children are turning out beautiful work. Marie has a class of girls at the Government Day School. The combination of Marie and Julian, her craftsmanship, his designs, have produced a valuable addition to the cultural life of the pueblos and the whole country. They have now practically confined themselves to the pottery of the two contrasting qualities of black. And the rest of the pueblo has followed.

The designs of Julian are symbolic and based on the nature motifs; birds, butterflies, the jagged lightning, and the winged serpent. They are highly conventionalized. More than any other of the Indian type of pottery, it is particularly well adapted to modern interior decoration. The work of these two is free from intricacy. The forms, though varied from large plaques a foot or more in diameter to small bowls, are simple. The designs are also simple. There is no complication of motifs on a single piece, but there is repetition of a motif. This same simplicity has been handed down to their pupils.

Tonita, another woman of San Ildefonso, is also doing some fine pieces in the same general style. However, Tonita's work is a little more compound in design and has the motifs more intricately developed.

The revival of pottery in other pueblos has also taken place, but to a lesser degree. Perhaps none of the pueblos outside of San Ildefonso will enjoy the same general popularity for their pottery because of the more primitive designs used—which do not harmonize with the general run of our bourgeois interiors. The reds, creams, blacks, and whites and the complicated but interesting designs are hard to place in our modern scheme without upsetting the balance of our decorative idea.

But the Pueblos of Cochiti, Zia, Zuni, Acoma, Acomita, Santa Clara, Santa Domingo, and others are doing much toward the enrichment of our lives in the general revival of the potter's art. They too are using the archaeological exhibits at Santa Fé and Albuquerque to bring back the old designs.



Marie, Julian, and Some of Their Pupils from the Government Day School

FIELD NOTES

DEALING WITH LOCAL ART EVENTS
HAVING MORE THAN LOCAL INTEREST



Thomas C. Parker: Old Rufus' House

*Linoleum Block Print from the First Annual Exhibition of Virginia
Artists, Richmond*

Field Notes

National Symphony—Washington

STARTING at what seemed a most unfavorable time, in the season of 1930-1931, the National Symphony Orchestra has established itself with surprising success as an integral part of the life of Washington. In that first season a small group of interested people, sensing the city's need, arranged for a series of three symphony concerts to be played by local musicians under three different conductors. It is a difficult thing to prepare and conduct an isolated performance by a more or less impromptu orchestra. The men had had little or no symphonic experience and were but newly acquainted with the music they performed. Without detracting from the ability of the other two men, it is fair to say that Hans Kindler showed the greatest possibilities for himself and for the orchestra. Equipped with his own musicianship as a very fine cellist (at the age of eighteen he was first cellist of the Berlin Staatsopera), and with twenty years of orchestral and concert experience he was able to present a concert which indicated very clearly potential form and power. For that reason Kindler was selected to lead the orchestra for the next season—if sufficient funds could be raised to guarantee expenses. Kindler himself was convinced that the money could be secured from the already increasing number of citizens who were realizing the place that a symphony orchestra might make for itself in the Capital City. Starting out with this faith he personally raised a large part of the fund of over fifty thousand dollars needed to insure the 1931-1932 season. It became evident that a fine musician can be a practical man of affairs as well; this fact came as a surprise to many people.

Surprise gradually changed to enthusiastic backing in more and more sections of the city's population. Here was music for Washington—three series of eight concerts each were to be presented; formal symphonies, Sunday "Pop" concerts, and children's concerts. Although this wealth of opportunity for hearing music was a novel experience for many Washingtonians they soon began to respond to the constantly improving orchestra with increased attendance. So marked was the success that the orchestra came near paying for itself. A good part of the guarantee fund, since it was subscribed for one season only, was returned to the donors on a pro rata basis. Fortunately when the campaign for the next season started much of this money was

resubscribed but for a time the situation had been trying, for the depression had grown steadily worse.

Washington, with its large floating population, found and continues to find in the orchestra the nucleus for a real civic consciousness. Citizens begin to see more clearly the part an orchestra may play in making life in Washington even more worth living. The enhancement of their own individual opportunities to hear good music is paramount, but other considerations, cultural, educational, economic, and civic also have come to be recognized. Employment in the second season was being provided for seventy-five able musicians; the city has joined the other capitals of the world in having its own orchestra; musical activities of other kinds are already feeling the increase in musical interest. Music schools and music stores, as well as many other groups, are noticing increased vitality. Universities and schools begin to be considered more seriously, because they are situated in a city with broadening cultural tendencies.

The feeling of delight in the hardly hoped for success of Hans Kindler and the orchestra was not allowed to cool. Centering in the already established Executive and Women's Committees, an augmented network of other groups and committees has been busily engaged in making certain the continuance of the work so admirably started for at least one more season. A general Civic Committee has also been formed to which every civic organization in the city will delegate one member to serve. More and more kinds of people are giving their active support; thus far the various groups have succeeded in securing about four-fifths of the seventy-five thousand dollar fund which will make an even better 1932-1933 season possible. With this much money the orchestra will assuredly continue. Music of the same high order will be presented as that given in the past season—compositions by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, Strauss, Ravel. And there will be soloists as capable and well known as Mischa Elman, Horowitz, Percy Grainger, and Kochanski.

Washingtonians, because they were willing to work gradually toward the realization of their dream of having an orchestra, have found the wisdom of building soundly. They have taken advantage of the favorable aspects of the local situation and have won support from as many classes as possible. They have not suddenly wanted a brand-new ninety-piece orchestra with



Frank N. Wilcox: Early Morning on the Delta

*One of Two Water Colors Awarded First Prize, Annual Exhibition of Cleveland Artists and Craftsmen
The Cleveland Museum of Art*

all the trappings. They have wanted their own orchestra for the music it could give them; they have been willing to let it grow simply. Being healthy, the development and success of the National Symphony Orchestra under Hans Kindler will continue to spread the influence of good music not only in Washington but in those cities of the south which are awakening to the fact that music is an asset.

The Cleveland May Show

RECORD-BREAKING attendance indicated ever-increasing interest in the Annual Exhibition of Work by Cleveland Artists and Craftsmen at its opening on April twenty-sixth in the galleries of the Cleveland Museum of Art. The exhibition was found to be distinguished particularly for the unusual excellence in the water-color section and for the brilliant achievements of the ceramic workers. In the latter class a prize for outstanding excellence was given to the work of Victor Schreckengost. The first prize in pottery went to Whitney Atchley. In the ceramic sculpture section the first prize was won by Russell Barnett Aitken.

First prize in the water-color division was won by Frank N. Wilcox for a group of two pictures, "Early Morning on the Delta" and "Two Old Pecan Trees." Other prizes were won by Carl W. Broemel and Grace V. Kelley. All three are regarded as among Cleveland's best but they were given very sharp competition from many comparative newcomers.

Henry G. Keller submitted both water colors and oils as "not in competition," and his contributions are, as usual, looked for and remembered with keen interest.

Oil paintings as always occupy most of the wall space in the show, but it is doubtful whether oils can hold their own this year in quality when compared with the brilliant showing of the water colors.

Prints, especially lithographs, also show increasing importance and the pictorial photography evidences growing artistic quality.

Batiks and other textiles are well represented; jewelry, silverware, and other forms of metal work indicate the versatility of Cleveland's creative spirit.

The jury of selection for this year's show was made up of George W. Eggers, Edward W.



Frank N. Wilcox: Two Old Pecan Trees

*One of Two Water Colors Awarded First Prize, Annual Exhibition of Cleveland Artists and Craftsmen
The Cleveland Museum of Art*

Hopper, and Russell A. Plimpton. The works selected by them remain on view through June fifth.

Virginia Annual at Richmond

THE first annual exhibit of Virginia artists, sponsored by the Richmond Academy of Arts, was held in the A. A. Anderson Gallery in Richmond, Virginia, from April seventeenth to May first. The jury for the pictorial section, composed of Hugh H. Breckenridge, A. N. A., Erwin O. Christensen of The American Federation of Arts, and Duncan Smith, selected one hundred and seventeen oils, eighteen drawings, and fifteen prints from some four hundred works submitted. In addition fifteen pieces of sculpture were accepted by F. Legnaioli, and F. William Sievers, who composed the jury for the plastic section. Both juries were enthusiastic in their praise of the quality of the work submitted, and it is understood that admission was governed at least to some extent by the size of the gallery. As it was, more than a score of accepted paintings could not be hung. Every artist, however, was represented.

The Richmond Academy of Arts, historically

the oldest art institution in America, undertook the exhibit in an effort to coördinate the art field in Virginia, and at the same time discover outstanding talent. The first annual more than accomplished these two aims, particularly the latter, as it became apparent that there is a growing nucleus of serious and talented young artists who have determined that the Old Dominion shall take its place in the art world.

This group, it is a pleasure to record, though showing a modern trend, has sought material from within the state, and in the majority of instances the landscape subject matter proved that the artists have set out to interpret the "Virginia scene" without being grandiose. In the portrait section, by far the largest, Negro life was the theme for several canvases. In particular, Marjorie Wintermute's superb "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" created a sensation and was by far the most notable work exhibited. Another highlight of the exhibition was found in the excellent quality and force revealed by several young sculptors, hitherto unknown, whose work augurs well for the future of plastic art in Virginia. There was also much promise revealed in the print section.



Clarence Holbrook Carter: William Stolte,
Former Councilman

*Awarded First Prize for Oil Paintings, Annual
Exhibition of Cleveland Artists and Craftsmen,
The Cleveland Museum of Art*

Although no attempt was made to cater either to the Virginians who have "arrived" or to those prominent artists now resident in the state, nevertheless there were many well-known contributors who assisted the Academy in making the show a success, among them Sergeant Kendall, Duncan Smith, Hugh Breckenridge, Carl Blenner, Pierre Troubetzkoy, William de Leftwich Dodge, and Charles W. Smith.

It is of interest to note that Dudley Crafts Watson, artist and extension lecturer for the Art Institute of Chicago, joined the members of the jury in pronouncing the first annual as one of the highest rank and far removed from the experimental stage. According to Mr. Watson, "the artists of Virginia are not provincial, not shut away, but are working in a very sincere and vigorous manner." He was especially struck with the evidence in the entire show of a fine, warm color sense. There were no prizes awarded.

G. WATSON JAMES, JR.

Seventh Mexican Seminar

FROM July third to twenty-third the Seventh Seminar in Mexico will meet in Mexico City. It

is to be a "coöperative study of Mexican life and culture," carried on in a series of lectures, field trips, and round-table discussions. Those interested in international good feeling and those sincerely desirous of gaining an understanding of the Mexican people are to come together for these meetings.

Authorities in Mexico will lecture on varied phases of Mexican life: art, music, folklore, international relations, economics, government, and sociology. Ramon Beteta, Carlos Chavez, Rafael Ramirez, Diego Rivera, and Moises Saenz are numbered among the lecturers. Leaders of this year's session and their subjects are listed as follows in *School and Society*: "Judge Florence E. Allen, on international relations; Dr. Ernest Gruening, on economics; Count René d'Harnoncourt, on arts and crafts; Dr. Charles W. Hackett, on the History of Mexico; and Miss Elizabeth Wallace, on Latin American literature. Of special interest this year will be the round table on archeology led by Dr. Franz Blom. . . ."

Those interested may secure information about enrollment and other details from Hubert C. Herring, Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, 112 East 19th Street, New York City.

Creative Youth—Pittsburgh

"THERE is no depression here," said Andrey Avinoff, director of the Carnegie Museum after visiting the High-School Art Exhibition at the Carnegie Institute, which closed May eleventh. E. W. Watson, writing of the exhibit in the *Carnegie Magazine* for April says: "The mood of this show is indeed far from gloomy; its impression upon the visitor is a feeling of assurance that the new generation is quite capable of taking care of itself. It is an exhibition of real creative power. One sees little copying of dead facts. . . . The visitor will not be bored by these things, nor will he find himself making allowances. He must look up, rather than down, when he views this striking evidence of the creative genius of youth. . . ."

The exhibition was made up of the work from high schools in seven hundred cities and towns throughout the country. This widespread interest serves as an index of the way the various arts are coming to be recognized as parts of life. Pittsburgh made an excellent showing due to the liberal and understanding outlook of the art director of the public schools, Elmer A. Stephan, and his able staff. Credit should also be given to Dr. Ben E. Graham, superintendent, for his sympathetic vision. Suggests Mr. Watson, "He



Theresa Pollak: *Ramona at Rest*

First Annual Exhibition of Virginia Artists, Richmond

evidently agrees with Robert Henri's statement in *The Art Spirit*: 'I am not interested in art as a means of making a living, but I am interested in art as a means of making a life. It is the most important of all studies, and all are tributary to it.'"

Vocational Guidance in Design Arts

THE first symposium to be held on the subject of Vocational Guidance in the Design Arts, was held at the Art Center Building, New York, on May fourth, under the auspices of the New York Regional Art Council and the National Alliance of Art and Industry. At the three sessions of the conference the graphic arts, costume, and interior decoration were discussed.

With the subject of unemployment and re-education, in the arts as elsewhere, occupying the earnest thought of all thinking people, special interest was attached to the coöperative effort which brought together such speakers as Richard de Wolfe Brixey and Alon Bement of the National Alliance of Art and Industry; Harry A. Grossbeck, Jr., of the American Institute of Graphic Arts; Norman Price of the Society of Illustrators; and Richard F. Bach of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Paintings for Pittsburgh Schools

ON BEHALF of One Hundred Friends of Pittsburgh Art, John L. Porter has presented six oil paintings to the Pittsburgh board of public education for circulation among the city's schools. This organization has already given, during the last seventeen years, seventy-four paintings for this purpose. It is hoped that in this way more children will have an opportunity to find contact with art in a natural, rather than a stilted and "mysterious" way.

Hopi Craftsman—Arizona

THE Museum of Northern Arizona and the Hopi People have issued invitations to visit their forthcoming exhibition called "The Hopi Craftsman" which will run from July first to sixth. Since before the landing of Columbus, Hopi craftsmen have been ably creative in the civilized arts of pottery, basketry, and weaving. The Museum of Northern Arizona is giving the use of its galleries this year for the third time. It has a fourfold object: (1) to encourage the manufacture of objects of artistic and commercial value which have fallen into disuse and are becoming rare. (2) To stimulate better workmanship. (3) To encourage the development of new forms of art of purely Indian design. (4) To create a wider market for Hopi goods of the finest type.

Gardena, California

THE fifth annual exhibition of paintings conducted by the graduating classes of Gardena High School opened on March twenty-ninth and ran until the seventeenth of April. The purpose of the event is to stimulate art appreciation among the boys and girls and to select two paintings to receive purchase prizes. These prize paintings are chosen by the students unaided, and presented to the school as class gifts, thus adding to the permanent collection which already numbers twenty-four pictures by prominent artists of the American Southwest. The collection has assumed a definite place among the educational activities of the school, stimulating interest in at least one art,—and offering opportunities for observation all too rare in the towns of Gardena's size. The students select the paintings after having training in art analysis; it gives them a chance to try for themselves the methods presented to them in the classroom. They have a chance to develop independent judgment—little more can be given them.

Tampa Art Institute

ACTIVITY, undaunted by the depression, continues to increase at the Tampa Art Institute, Tampa, Florida. Mrs. John M. Potter, President of the Institute and Director of the Ringling-Southern Department of Art, Tampa Branch, has succeeded in arranging, through the coöperation of Dr. Ludd M. Spivey, Director of the Sarasota branch of the Ringling Art School, an exhibition of the work of the School's faculty. This has been accepted with great interest by people from all over the state, as well as by many from without its borders.

Many exhibitions have been shown, most of them of work by Florida artists. One-man shows of paintings by Mark Dixon Dodd and Donald Blake have been favorably received. The Florida Federation exhibit was the first to be hung in the enlarged galleries. Now, with space more than doubled, temporary exhibitions will not crowd the permanent collections from the walls. Students from the Tampa Branch of the Ringling Art School contributed time and labor to make the new rooms suitable for exhibition purposes. There have been many lectures throughout the past season on various phases of art. The coöperation of the City Art Supervisor, has been secured in encouraging the attendance of children at the various exhibits. An exhibition of local portraits will be followed by the Junior Art Exhibit, representing public and private art schools and the teacher members of the Institute. The season will be closed, as usual with a dinner.

Circulating Pictures, Philadelphia

A NEW stimulus has been given American art by the action of the Circulating Picture Club of the Philadelphia Art Alliance in purchasing eleven paintings from its 1932 exhibition, a nucleus of what it is hoped will become a circulating library of original pictures actually owned by the Club.

During six years of active existence, the Club, the pioneer in this field, has offered artists who loaned to it the assurance that every effort would be made to make sales. And there has been reasonable success. Altogether about forty-five hundred pictures have been handled and a considerable number of sales made.

This method will necessarily be continued for some years as it is obvious that acquisition of a sufficient number of pictures by purchase cannot be done all at once. The Club can buy only a few each year. But it is the acceptance in principle of this object of the Club and the fact



Marjorie Wintermute: Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

First Annual Exhibition of Virginia Artists, Richmond

that so encouraging a start could be made in these times that makes this action truly significant.

"The plan of the Circulating Picture Club is very simple," writes its Chairman, Yarnall Abbott. "Its members—individuals, schools, clubs, institutions—pay annual dues of ten dollars which entitles them to borrow one oil or water color at a time, which may be retained for the period of one month. In almost every case, pictures are called for, selected, transported, and returned by the member, or by a committee or delegate."

All pictures, including those belonging to the Club, are for sale at the artists' prices. It should be emphasized that there is no question whatever of profit to the Club. Income from dues and commissions does not pay for clerical work, handling, and the heavy costs of insurance.

Perhaps the most important function of the Club is its service to the community, including the artists, in bringing contemporary painting before the people in a way that is quite outside the scope of museums and galleries. It brings art to the people, rather than requiring them to make an effort to find it. It emphasizes that American art is a living thing; that art worthy of our attention is being produced in this country today instead of being, as unfortunately many people still seem to believe, a completely exotic thing produced by foreigners most of whom died two or three hundred years ago.



Ceramic Sculpture by Russell Barnett Aitken

Awarded First Prize for Group of Five, Annual Exhibition of Cleveland Artists and Craftsmen



Pottery by Viktor Schreckengost

Awarded First Prize for Group of Five of Outstanding Excellence, Annual Exhibition of Cleveland Artists and Craftsmen, The Cleveland Museum of Art

Kansas State College—Prints

A DUAL purpose underlies the present exhibition of the Prairie Printers in the Architectural Department of Kansas State College. It brings not only a group of already known people together, but gives those entering the field an opportunity to display their work. It also gives students at the College an opportunity to see what is being done in their own state, as well as some of the best-known work from other parts of the country as well. This is the third exhibit jointly sponsored there this year by the Architectural and Art Departments.

PAULINE A. PINCKNEY

Business Men's Art—Chicago

THE *Bulletin* of the Business Men's Art Club of Chicago usually contains something worth quoting. Other business men and other artists will find here expressed a balance of opinion which will not seem extreme to the liberal of either group. From a "Brief Review" of the Club's recent exhibit at the Lakeside Galleries by Fred Lechler is taken the following excerpt: "Quite often one finds in many so-called important exhibitions, paintings which seem to contain that certain subtle message, but which, upon close examination dissolve into nothing more nor less than a confusion of poor craftsmanship, which today cannot hide, disguised as an 'ism.'"

Later in the *Bulletin* is found another particularly quotable passage. "Spring time is sketching time. Wash your eyes with virgin color. The inspiration of the season will run high in your heart and some of it cannot fail to filter down into your brush—if you will let it go."

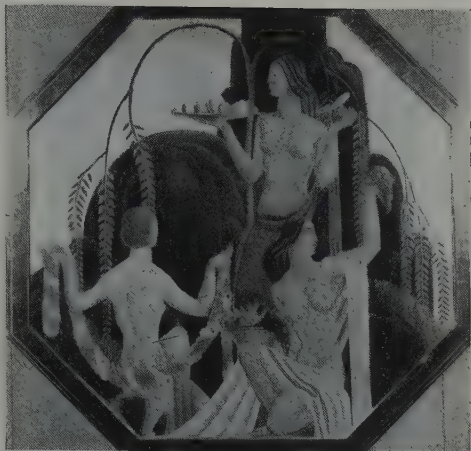
The Club is giving a class for the unemployed which seems to be achieving remarkable results. The members of the class are "earnest, diligent, and talented" and the work shows it.

Circulating Art—San Diego

NOT to be left behind by Philadelphia, the Fine Arts Gallery of San Diego announces a plan of circulating paintings and sculptures.

To quote the announcement: "San Diego offers a plan to widen the interest of the community in American art and American artists, and to encourage the placing of San Diego art, by purchase and loan, in many homes instead of in few. It is felt that the buying of art must be more than merely a rich man's game, if art is to be far reaching in its appeal."

For more information on San Diego's plan, communicate with Central Office, the Fine Arts Gallery of San Diego, Balboa Park, San Diego.



Elsa V. Shaw: Decoration

Awarded First Prize for Mural and Decorative Painting, Annual Exhibition of Cleveland Artists and Craftsmen, The Cleveland Museum of Art

Independents Barter—New York

AS THE sixteenth annual exhibition of the Society of Independent Artists came to an end it was realized that more pictures had changed hands than in any year even before the depression. Some were sold for cash but nearly five times as many were exchanged, as *The Art Digest* puts it, "for everything from zoölogy lessons to eighty-eight pounds of coffee. . . . An examination of the barter board showed there was an aversion among visitors toward any work presenting distortion of the human figure. The legal profession expressed a preference for complicated abstractions which might require a mind accustomed to highly involved problems. Clothing merchants, haberdashers, and dealers in gowns preferred nudes."

Federation Convention—Washington

THE American Federation of Arts held its Twenty-third Annual Convention at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington from May 9th to 11th, a report of which will appear in the July issue of this Magazine. Despite the financial depression there was a fairly good attendance, and it was the general feeling of those who were present that the papers and discussion reached a very high level. The officers and directors of the Federation elected will be found on the inside front cover of this issue. It is hoped that the Annual Report giving the reports of officers and others will be ready to mail to members within a few weeks.



Pottery by Whitney Atchley
Awarded First Prize for Group of Three, Annual Exhibition of Cleveland Artists and Craftsmen



Harold Holmes Wrenn: Fishing Village
First Annual Exhibition of Virginia Artists, Richmond

NEW BOOKS ON ART



Watteau: A Woman Seated

*From "The Drawings of Antoine Watteau" Reviewed
on Page 468*

New Books on Art

Art and Beauty

By Max Schoen. The Macmillan Company, Publishers. Price, \$2.00.

In spite of loud protestations of the uselessness of the subject, aesthetics continues to put forth an astonishing quantity of fresh statement. Like the too-previous notice of the death of Mark Twain, the announcement of the passing of this particular discipline has obviously been much exaggerated. This is important, for it gives abundant evidence that more and more people are thinking seriously about the age-old problems of the nature of beauty and the function of art. This is altogether as it should be if only they can be induced to think in an orderly and systematic manner. This is precisely what Mr. Schoen has endeavored to get them to do in his latest book, and, to that extent at least, he has succeeded.

Now the general discipline we call aesthetics has long since been appropriated by the philosophers. Unfortunately philosophers as a race are not as a rule aesthetically minded. Their ancient right to the subject may not be disputed as long as we allow it to remain in the shadowy realm of the ultimate realities where Beauty takes its solemn place with Goodness and Truth and all are spelled with capital letters. Some of us are happy in the good old game of pursuing the subject even into those deep recesses. But the growing number of students who are not trained in that delightful indoor sport demand an exposition more nearly related to human experience. And since we are now all so happily converted to the convenient phrase "the aesthetic experience" no one needs to be alarmed any longer by the ponderous accumulation of philosophical utterance which, alas, has so befogged the issue. Freshness of approach to immediate experience without the mediation of established systems is what Mr. Schoen aims at, and, to a considerable degree, achieves.

To be sure, there is always psychology to be reckoned with, and in aesthetics as in other things the psychologists are quite ready to annex the whole territory. In so far as their field may be said to be all experience they have their rights. But nobody except the psychologists wants a technical study of the mental processes in which the aesthetic experience is dissected like a dead specimen. The fact of beauty and the creative activity of the artist are living realities and must be so treated. Mr. Schoen knows this very well, and his attempt to find a working relation be-

tween the creative act of genius, which he correctly defines to be an "activity," and the living fact of beauty, which he defines, as we all do nowadays, as an "experience," is the central effort of his book. His thesis is that such a relation can be demonstrated, and demonstrated in such a way that even the layman may hope to understand.

Avoiding the ancient shades, Mr. Schoen treats the whole problem as if it were quite recent. His bibliography of nearly one hundred items contains perhaps half a dozen names earlier than the present century. Further, it is interesting to observe that the large majority of works mentioned are of American authorship. Without wishing for a moment to encourage chauvinism it is significant that an important literature on the subject has sprung up in a land where Munsterberg could pontificate that Santayana's *The Sense of Beauty* (1897) was the only important contribution to the subject that had been made in America.

To much that has recently been written Mr. Schoen wisely goes for his working material. In treating the three forms of art which he elects to consider, poetry, painting, and music, he calls in his witnesses generously but always makes them contribute toward building up his case. Indeed the book would be well worthwhile merely as a collection of recent material. But it is more. And lest any one should be alarmed by the newness of the approach, it must be added that Browning is cited as a principal witness and that at the end Mr. Schoen comes back to Plato. Most studies of the subject begin with Plato. To end there is like taking a long journey to get home, but we should never be happy without the journey. At least it has been demonstrated that a book on aesthetics can be written without calling in Kant and Hegel. If that be heresy, make the most of it. Most of Mr. Schoen's readers will probably not be acutely distressed by the omission. We hope the readers will be many, for the book deserves reading.

WILL HUTCHINS

The Sculptor Speaks

Jacob Epstein to Arnold L. Haskell. Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., Publishers. Price, \$3.00.

Arnold L. Haskell, playing an art Plato to Epstein's Socrates, develops through conversations a book that gives much sculptural wisdom

from a man who, through public revolt against his creative ideas, has become a sensation in the art centers of the Western world.

Spiced with bits of vitriolic criticism aimed at such works as "Genesis," "The Christ," and the groups of "Night" and "Day" for the Head Office of the Underground Railway in London, *The Sculptor Speaks* provides, in addition to its mental picture of Epstein, an excellent conception of what popular reaction can do to retard art individuality. All Epstein asks is to be let alone to work as he chooses, but, to his astonishment, it is the one thing the public will not tolerate, dragging across the trail the red herring of morality administered by every one from the police to the postman. The result, as told in the book, is a series of clashes whenever the sculptor works on a commission controlled by lay minds. Yet it is a tale not confined to Epstein nor to England.

Epstein attributes popular antagonism to several causes, among which figure the literary-mindedness of the English people and the fact that Englishmen faced with un-English-looking figures sustain unnecessary shock. Besides, the world knows too little about sculpture, and is not qualified to appreciate form in the round. Sculpture, Epstein feels, is basically a sensual art, but the sculptor is in love, not with the flesh and blood of the model's body, but with the form, the line, the many-faceted aspects of life accentuated by the rough surfacing of Epstein's own work.

Epstein, however, is no image-breaker. He reverses art traditions of the past and seeks the soul of art in the great work of all epochs. He finds intense delight in the personality of living men and women, in the vitality of Negroes and Negro art, as well as in a careful study of the Greeks and the Egyptians. Although his interlocutor attempts to draw him into a confession that Donatello is his parent in sculpture, Epstein, in a keen analysis of that master and Michelangelo, carefully avoids the bait.

The art logic contained in *The Sculptor Speaks* one feels to be due more to Epstein's pruning and censoring than to Haskell's too-eager flattery. Throughout the book one is conscious of an undercurrent of tolerant amusement on Epstein's part, as he parries the flattering leads that would draw him, if he had it, to pour out every ounce of his egotism. As a matter of fact the book, as controlled by Epstein,—a control deplored openly at times by its writer,—is singularly free from personal egotism and refreshingly replete with sound thought of value to the young aspirant about to embrace sculpture as a career.

Although Epstein is considered an innovator, he has no time for art fads and fancies. "I never

saw the abstract," he declares, "as an end in itself, and I do not agree with the people who would divorce art entirely from human interest. They argue amongst other things that the possibilities of pure form are endless. That is not the case. . . . Abstract work is extremely useful for experiment. Pure cubism is uninteresting and unprofitable in itself, but as laboratory work it has possibilities."

Epstein's sincerity has provoked many a hot dispute, but the sculptor himself gives no quarter to moderns who copy their betters, nor to the rank and file of art mediocrities. "At no time," states he, "has there ever been such a flood of bad art, turned out by artists, to meet the demands of the dealers. Sincerity in art may be sneered at by some, but it is an all-important point."

Of the amateur Epstein says: "He must learn to think in terms of art as a continuous, unbroken whole and forget all that he has picked up about ancient art and modern art, British art and foreign art."

Epstein, like all sculptors who go to the root of things, knows the value of basic construction without which life cannot be brought to form. "The basis of likeness," he says, "lies in the shape of the skull and in the bony structure of the face, which I accentuate at times."

Epstein is a man who thinks deeply and who has won the right to his own individuality. Whether or not his wisdom finds complete reflection in his work is another consideration. *The Sculptor Speaks* contains thirty-eight illustrations, treating the portraits thoroughly, from the delicate "Putti," baby heads of his small daughter Peggy Jean, to the robust "Paul Robeson," and ranging through a series of women's heads, strangely similar in characteristics, to a few outstanding men, such as Professor John Dewey, Viscount Rothermere, Stephen Tennant, and a self-portrait.

Important works such as "Rima," "The Madonna and Child," "Night," "Day," "Genesis," and "The Christ," all bones of contention and controversy, are touched cursorily, a fact that is the more remarkable as Epstein is credited with the choice of illustrations. Can it be that despite protests to the contrary he smarts from unjust criticism and would protect his brain children by slighting them, or is it that he himself places greater emphasis upon his portraits?

Biographically *The Sculptor Speaks* is rather disappointing, its value lying in its confession of art faith. Born in New York, Epstein has for many years identified himself with the English. He finds America stimulating, however, and ad-

vises its sculptors after brief tuition in Paris to find their art salvations in their own land.

DOROTHY GRAFLY

The Drawings of Antoine Watteau

By K. T. Parker. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons; London, B. T. Batsford, Ltd., Publishers. Price, \$15.00.

This welcome publication provides a valuable reference for the use of specialists. At the same time it affords the general student an opportunity of acquiring a more complete understanding of the artistic achievement of that ingratiating master whose short career coincided with the last part of the reign of France's Grand Monarch. Watteau's drawings suggest many enlightening comparisons with his painted work; and indeed an acquaintance with them is necessary for a full comprehension of his personality and genius. This painter, who in his canvases exhibits such a developed sense of the material quality of pigments, was also a consummate draughtsman. Accounts of contemporary writers recorded that even during his very early years in Valenciennes he loved to make sketches of familiar public scenes; and this inclination remained with him throughout his life. His friend, the art dealer Gersaint, witnessed to the fact that he was most pleased with his drawings and that he took more pleasure in working with colored chalks than he did in painting.

Mr. Parker, a member of the staff of the British Museum, has devoted a number of years of careful study to the preparation of the present volume, which may be considered the definitive work on the subject. In his text he has limited general critical comments to a minimum and has rather concentrated on the pertinent data relating to the drawings. The result is a thoroughly organized piece of research which brings together in a comprehensive arrangement all the essential information.

After presenting a brief outline of Watteau's life, which takes into account the outstanding formative influences in his career, the author proceeds to consider the fundamental sources of information bearing on the drawings. The artist's customary method of working is discussed, and his stylistic development is reviewed, though no pretense is made at fixing a detailed chronology. Then follows a consideration of the individual drawings, presented approximately according to their place in his career, but classified according to subject: landscapes, portraits, ornamental designs, various genre figures, and so on to finally the largest and in many ways the most interesting group—the studies that were

later used for painted compositions. The illustrations in the text are reproductions of nearly all the paintings (or of contemporary engravings after them) for which there are related studies. These illustrations are conveniently cross-referenced with the plates at the back of the book, which illustrate about one-third of Watteau's production of drawings. The text deals individually with each of the painted *fêtes galantes* and subjects of the theatre, referring in each case to the related studies of separate figures in the picture. This study by systematic comparison, producing an insight into the painter's method of composing, is like peering over his shoulder while he is at work.

There are few preliminary sketches for entire compositions. Most of the drawings are of figures or parts of figures—set down without any attempt at arrangement or spacing. Using red, black, white, and sometimes dark-brown chalks, the artist drew with a quick, sharp line that has distinguishing personal quality which the connoisseurs call "autographic." Usually the studies were made with no explicit idea of using them for a definite picture. They were spontaneous records of Watteau's observations, which he saved and later selected when an opportunity was presented for incorporating them into a picture. Numerous lively studies of soldiers, ladies, beggars, children, or street musicians show that Watteau had a real interest in the familiar sights that confronted him every day. There are few examples that are clearly studies for a definite picture; but the exceptions include such notable drawings as the male nude figure for the *Jupiter and Antiope* of the Louvre and the figure studies for the shop signboard painted to hang in front of Gersaint's gallery.

All the drawings have much of the grace and charm associated with the period and particularly with the name of Watteau. Yet they serve to dispel the notion that eighteenth-century life presented something of the appearance of an artfully contrived bit of confectionery. They reveal that Watteau was something more than a dreamer who dwelt among forgotten places peopled with illusive dancers. Some of his personalities are so real that we are taken in to meet them, overlooking for the moment that they are dressed in clothes that today are seen only at fancy-dress balls. The pathetic face of an old Savoyard, the wary expression of a negro boy, the haughty look of a lady in a plumed hat, or the posture of a supercilious actor—all these vivid notations, and many more, produce a heightened sense of immediate reality and proclaim that Watteau was an alert and zestful observer.

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MUSEUMS AND ASSOCIATIONS

American Museum of Natural History, 77th Street and Central Park West. An Exhibition of Rhythmic Design, Henrietta Reiss Method, the work of students and pupils in public schools of New York City, through June.

American Women's Association, 353 West 57th Street. Summer Show of works in oil, including Circulating Art Gallery Entries.

Art Center, 65 East 56th Street. The Designer and Industry, an exhibition of art and industry, through June.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art. Exhibition of Costumes, 1750-1850, Gallery D 6, through June 19; Japanese Textiles from the Bing Collection, Gallery H 19, through June 26; European Printed Fabrics of the XIX Century, Gallery H 15, through October 2; Portraits of George Washington, Assembly Room from Alexandria, Virginia (M 16), through November 27; Etching in the Netherlands, XVI and XVII Centuries, Galleries K 37-40, and Recent Accessions in the Egyptian Department, Third and Fifth Egyptian Rooms, continued.

The Museum of Modern Art, 11 West 53rd Street. Mural paintings by American artists, and photo-murals by American photographers, to August 1.

The New York Public Library. Chiaroscuro Prints through Four Centuries, Room 321, through November; Recent Additions, Room 316, until the end of November.

The Roerich Museum, 310 Riverside Drive. Annual exhibition by students of the Master Institute of the Roerich Museum, to June 15.

Whitney Museum of American Art, 10 West 8th Street. A group of paintings, sculpture, water colors and prints from the Museum's permanent collection, through July.

GALLERIES

Argent Galleries, 42 West 57th Street. Exhibition of the National Association of Women Painters, through June.

Babcock Galleries, 5 East 57th Street. Paintings, water colors and etchings by American artists, through the summer.

Delphic Studios, 9 East 57th Street. Modern American and Mexican art, through June.

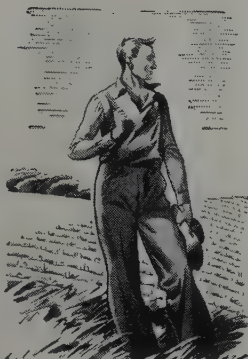
Durand-Ruel Galleries, 12 East 57th Street. Paintings by French artists, through June.

Grand Central Art Galleries, 15 Vanderbilt Avenue. The Annual Founders Show, and etchings by American artists, through June.



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P. Jackson Higgs Gallery, 32 East 57th Street. Paintings by Old Masters, through June.

M. Knoedler & Company, 14 East 57th Street. Selected paintings of the French and American Schools, mid-June through the summer.

Julien Levy Gallery, 602 Madison Avenue. Photographs of New York by New York Photographers, to June 11.

Macbeth Gallery, 15 East 57th Street. A collection of paintings and etchings by American artists, through June.

Montross Gallery, 785 Fifth Avenue. A group of paintings by American artists, through June.

Morton Gallery, 127 East 57th Street. Exhibition of paintings and graphics, to mid-June.

National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park. Members' Exhibition of Small Paintings, to October 1.

Newhouse Gallery, 578 Madison Avenue. "Four Centuries of Landscape Paintings", to June 10.

New York Historical Society, 170 Central Park West. Exhibition of Washingtoniana and old American portraits, through the summer.

Rehn Galleries, 683 Fifth Avenue. Paintings by American artists, through June.

Valentine Gallery, 69 East 57th Street. Modern French and American paintings, through June.

Howard Young Gallery, 634 Fifth Avenue. Paintings by old and modern masters, through the summer.

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